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TOWALIGA FALLS, *Ga.*

We have another scene to present from the picturesque scenery of Georgia. The Falls of the Towaliga is in Monroe county, eight miles from Indian springs. This picturesque scene is presented by the little river whose name it bears, at the spot where it pours down a rocky ledge, which there disturbs its generally gentle course, and gives it an aspect of wildness, elsewhere foreign to its shores.

The Towaliga has an Indian name, of uncertain import, pronounced with the accent on the last syllable. The stream has its origin in Henry county, and pursues a course of seventy miles, to the Ocumulgee, of which it is a tributary. Just before it reaches the falls, the bed has a rapid descent for some distance, where the surface of the water is broken in rapids, overlooked from the summit of a hill, over which passes the road leading to the spot. A mill occupies one of the banks; and a lofty bridge, erected across, was partly destroyed, a few years since, by a flood.

The falls, seen from below, make an impressive appearance. The breadth of the bed is there about three hundred feet, and a mass of rock, at the brow of the first precipice, divides it into two sheets, which descend perpendicularly about fifty feet, in beautiful foam, made in the course of its tumultuous passage down the rapids. Here it is received by a deep gulf, which suddenly checks its fury; but, before it has time to recover its tranquillity, it reaches the brow of the second rapids, down which it hurries, with roar and turbulence, a distance of two hundred feet, and then pours over the second fall, in a current broken into several cascades, when it soon subsides, below, to comparative quietness. The height, roughness, and thick shade of the banks, greatly increase the effect of the scene. The reader may form some correct conception of the interesting spot, by a glance at the accompanying engraving. The drawing was made from the northern bank of the stream, a spot rather difficult of access, and not easily attained by many spectators, who generally find it more convenient to content themselves with a view from the opposite side. There are, however, many favorable points of view, both near and more distant, especially from some of the rude rocks which border and overhang the water, in different parts of its romantic and terrific course.

A short distance below the falls, a little island occupies the middle of the river, dividing it into two currents, which are narrow, but rapid. This vicinity was formerly a favorite resort of the deer, which visited it in considerable numbers, to feed on a peculiar kind of long and delicate plant, resembling moss, which grows to the length of two feet, in the sluices of the falls. They have, however, been destroyed or driven away by the hunters.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

ENERGY AND ACTION.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

"Why stand ye idle all the day?" is a query that will apply to many of us, and one, that we should answer by putting our shoulders to the wheel, and doing the work which is set before us. Energetic action is a universal law of nature—we see it in each ray that shines—in each cloud that gathers the falling rain—in the descending dew, and in all those secret influences which blend in mysterious harmony, and produce the visible glories of the universe. "Be active," says the burning "orb of day," as he guides his fiery steeds around the world.—"Work" exclaims each planet as it pursues its circling course.—"Be active," murmurs the mighty deep as it rolls its waves from shore to shore—and "Work," cries the breeze as it sweeps past us in its hurried career.

All nature is active—year speeds after year, day succeeds to day, and the sombre shadows of night are chased by returning morn, and all with ceaseless rapidity. Let us then follow her example, and no matter what station of life we fill, let us *work*. Encourage not your idleness, if you be poor, with the vain and empty argument, that you are uninfluential, and that there is nothing for you to do. The very idea is fallacious, there is no one, but what can wipe some tear from the eye of suffering humanity, but what can pour balm upon some wounded heart. On the other hand, let not the wealthy flatter themselves and dream that they have nothing to do, but to recline upon soft lounges and couches. If they but knew it, they have a greater responsibility resting upon them.

Let all, therefore, work—each in his own sphere—for we are bound to use our talents of whatever nature they may be, to the honor of the God who gave them, and the welfare of our fellowmen. We should teach a new lesson, and that is, it is no *disgrace* to be poor, but that the only *degradation* consists in being *useless* in this world. Let us teach the *purse-proud rich*, that unless their superior advantages are turned to good account, so far from looking down on the poor mechanic as a creature born to drudge and toil, and unworthy of their acquaintance, that self-same scorned tailor may well feel the glow of honorable satisfaction when he contrasts his *well spent* days with the languid and idle hours of those who live but for their own gratification.

We must change the feelings of society, for nothing can go right if the working classes are looked upon with contempt. We must not honor wealth or station, beauty or influence for themselves alone, but only as *means* by which great results are to be achieved. Let us then, in view of the teachings of experience, take a higher stand than we have been wont to do, let us soar above the petty conventionalities of place and circumstance, let us feel, as each day dawns upon us that we have a *work to do*—let us go forth with lofty purpose and noble daring to struggle and contend in the great conflict between vice and virtue, between oppression and misery, between truth and error. Even if we should desire it, it is impossible to be neutral. If we are not *working* in heavenly armor with angel bands for our companions, we are, and must be, unconsciously, co-workers with the spirits of evil, and, in fact, we are actually swelling the tide of misery, which rolls so gloomily and deeply through the world. *Work*, then, while we may—while our pulses beat with life, our eyes beam brightly, and a strong resolve braces every sinew. We hear a voice which comes from the mighty dead, and it says, "work, work, while it is yet day." Soon, alas, too soon, shall we have no existence on earth, save in the records of memory. Let us, therefore, *labour* to earn a name, which the hand of time can never efface from the tablet of grateful remembrance. Let our motto be "Energy and action."

Baltimore, Md.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE WILLEY HOUSE.

A BALLAD OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

[All who are acquainted with the history of the White Mountains, know the sad story that is connected with the cottage whose name heads this article. The family that inhabited it, nine in number, were distroyed by a mountain slide, during a great storm, in the summer of 1826. Had they remained in the cottage they would have escaped, as that was unmolested; but when the wild mountain stream rose so as to overflow its banks they attempted to reach the mountain in front of the cottage, but were overwhelmed by the slide and rushing river.]

I.

The golden sun of August lay on the mountain and the plain,
And the rosy summer light gleamed athwart the fields of grain,
Where the earth lay parched and dry for want of dew and rain;
For all thro' the summer time, the cloud along the burning sky,
Cast not a crystal tear on the ground, brown, parched and dry,
But ever floated upward 'bove the hoary mountain high.

II.

In the mountain glen, where the Saco's crystal tide
Springs from the dark brown rocks, blushing like the new-wed bride,
As the earth-born water's babble from the craggy mountain's side;
Stood the Willey cottage, 'midst old mountains stern and gray,
Where the sunlight lingers longest, when the day has passed away,
And on whose craggy summits the last golden arrows play.

III.

Passed was the noontide hour, and in the distant West
Rolled the thunder clouds, 'twixt the lofty mountains pressed,
'Till on either side the storm clouds sunk to rest;
While adown their wooded summits rolled vapors wild and dun,
'Till from either side they gathered, and melted into one,
And the great drops falling showed the tempest had begun.

IV.

Then the great cloud parted, like a curtain rent in twain,
And the sacred fire of heaven was a signal for the rain,
And the hoarse wild thunder bellowed loudly o'er the plain;
And 'midst the mountain passes, o'er crags all robed in white,
Where the dark clouds gathered with the blackness of a night,
Fought the spirits of the tempest, in their majesty and might.

V.

Farmer Willey in his doorway gazed out into the storm,
Watched the thunder clouds so swiftly borne along,
And wondered if the tempest would last until the morn;
Then closed the cottage door, shut from sight the deluged land,
Bared the slender windows, then with Bible in his hand,
Called 'round his humble hearthstone the happy household band.

VI.

"In the hour of danger put thy trust upon the Lord,
And He will ne'er forsake thee:" read Willey from The Word,
And the children stood so quiet that each whisper could be heard;
Then the mother spoke:—"From the wrath to come we flee,
Put thy trust in Jesus who calmed the angry sea,
When danger came so nigh on the waves of Gallilee."

VII.

Then the father knelt; and mingled with the tempest's roar,
Rose his supplication, in earnest heartfelt prayer,
To the God of Christians to tarry with them there;
And as thus they prayed, night fell upon the vale,
Fiercer and fiercer came the tempest o'er the mountain and the dale,
And louder shrieked the wild voice of the Storm King in the gale.

VIII.

"O God of heaven listen!" cried Willey, blanched with fear,
"Hasten children, Mary we can no longer linger here,
For the crumbling mountain's coming passing very near!"
Hark! the crash of trees mingle with the tempest's roar,
The raging river's rushing with the mountains for its shore,
Farmer Willey and his household pass through the cottage door

IX.

The Willey cottage stands as it did in days of yore,
The river murmurs sadly by the cliffs upon its shore,
Telling its sad story as it will forever more—
The birch and alder grows where once waved the golden corn,
Bleak and rugged are the cliffs, where dance the sunbeams of the dawn,
When the distant East lights up with the coming of the morn.

X.

Adown the Saco's valley in Conway town so fair,
Farmer Willey and his household peacefully are sleeping there,
Free from every sorrow, free from every care.
But often is their sad story told 'round the cheerful hearth,
When the tempest rages and hushed is the sounds of mirth—
Reader that oft-told story to my lay has given birth.

Bartlett, N. H.

Make Haste Slowly.

It is the general conviction, and a common saying among people, that literary and professional men are lazy. There is no greater mistake. He who can succeed so far as to acquire reputation in literature or in a profession, must have been, and must be an immensely industrious man. His labor may be unseen and unappreciated by the world at large, and is commonly so. A general and casual observation of the class spoken of, would justify that opinion, but watch such a one when he has withdrawn to his study or his office, know his wearisome hours of night labor, and unseen, solitary toil, and the opinion will vanish. The truth is there is a little piece of philosophy underlying this opinion of the world not perceived generally.

There is a repugnance between great and continued intellectual exertion and rapid corporal movement. Hard study, severe thought, strong emotion, any great intellectual or moral exercise, arrests and retards physical action. For example, let a train of thought suddenly strike a man, and he instantly becomes self-absorbed, his physical power becomes quiet, his motions slow; and the deeper the thought, the more habitual reflection becomes, the slower and more deliberate will be his actions. Lord Kames, in his elements of criticism, somewhere says, in substance, that rapidity of a man's motions is a pretty fair gauge of his mental exercises. A fidgety, fussy, rapid-moving man has rapid fidgety, fussy (and, of course, evanescent) ideas and conclusions; while profounder and more valuable reflections accompany slower motioned men.

It is not alone among professional or literary men that this philosophy holds. Look at your merchants and mechanics, who have been successful in labor and won fame and fortune, and see if it is not also true of them. Look at them—they move slowly, though with a firm step, even in their walk—they are deliberate—they ponder well—they would hardly be taken for industrious men by persons to whom they are unknown. On the other hand, yonder is a man always rushing, pushing, driving—he is called industrious. He has been moving at that rate for a life time. Enquire into his history, and ten to one that you will find that it is made up of thriftlessness, instability, and perpetual failure. Of course it is a safe maxim, make haste slowly. Everything valuable and permanent is the product of time and slow continuous labor. Lay your foundation well and deliberately.

TELEGRAPHIC LINES TO CALIFORNIA AND SALT LAKE.—NEW YORK, Sep. 8. Contracts were executed in this city today, by the Western Union Telegraph Company, the Missouri River Telegraph Company, and Missouri, Kansas and Utah Telegraphic Companies by which the former company had become the controllers of all the telegraph lines, West of St. Louis; and arrangements are now in progress and ample means provided to extend the lines of the two latter companies under the general superintendence of Charles M. Stebbens, Esq., from St. Louis to Fort Smith, five hundred miles on the route of the Butterfield overland mail, and from St. Louis to Atchison and Utah. The latter is now in successful operation a distance of about 490 miles west of St. Louis, and the line to California via Fort Smith is in good working order about three hundred miles west of St. Louis. By the latter line, which will soon open, another section of about 200 miles, the Associated Press will receive very full reports of California news three or four days in advance of the arrival of the Overland Mail at St. Louis; and within the next few months it may be reasonably anticipated that the California and Utah lines will become the most important sources of exciting public intelligence.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Among the Books.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Memoirs of Robert Houdin—Life of Colonel Crockett—Miss Leslie's Behavoir Book—Peterson's cheap editions of "Waverly," and Charles Dickens—Kind Words for Children—Commentary on the Ephesians—Russell's Magazine—Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co.'s latest Reprints.

Robert Houdin, Ambassador, Author, Conjuror, and Magician, one of the most remarkable men the world ever saw, has recently written the narrative of his life, and a most wonderful and dazzling narrative it is. The great French conjuror is a man of scientific attainments, and true, sterling, unquestionable genius; not a mere mountebank, or buffoon, for children to stare at. Watchmaker, carver, and mechanician in various arts, inventor of the automaton writer, etc., Robert-Houdin has placed an infinite distance between himself and all petty imitators which the sheer force of genius and indomitable energy have alone sustained. His story is the usual one of disappointments, hard labor, the sneers of the world, gleams of hope, and final triumph. Robert-Houdin now occupies his well-carved fortune and leisure in pursuing his favorite scientific pursuits and studies, and his name is connected with many important scientific discoveries and improvements. The book of his life (American edition) forms a handsome duodecimo volume of 477 pages, handsomely bound, and got up in the well-known style of G. G. Evans, Esq., Philadelphia, by whom it will be sent free of postage on receipt of the price $1.25. So high an authority as the Westminster Review devotes considerable space to a commendatory review of this interesting volume, recommending "these *Memoirs of Robert-Houdin* as very pleasant reading."

The same publisher issues *The Life of Colonel David Crockett; Written by Himself*: To which is added an account of his death at the Alamo. 1 vol., 12mo, with Illustrations. Many persons suppose that the far-famed Crockett was a myth. His reputation for eccentricity has been presumed upon in the publication of all sorts of outrageous caricatures, in coarse almanacs and other vehicles for low humor, until the public may well stand in doubt of the identity of the individual. But Crockett was a genuine character, and this biography is a genuine work. It is a republication, with necessary additions, and will be entirely new to the present generation of young readers. The publication of this volume is a simple act of justice to retrieve the memory of an honest man from vulgar misrepresentation, and we trust that the public will appreciate the act in a general purchase of the work.

A reliable work on etiquette is a desideratum in every family. Such a work is *Miss Leslie's Behavior Book*, just published in a handsome duodecimo volume, price $1.25, by Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. We cannot give a better idea of this book, which is a complete multum in parvo, than is expressed on its own title-page. It pronounces itself, "A complete Guide and Manual for Ladies in their Conversation, Manners, Introductions, Entree to Society, Shopping, Conduct on the Streets, at Places of Amusement, in Traveling, at the Table, either at home, in company, or at hotels, Deportment in Gentlemen's Society, Complexion, Lips, Teeth, Hands, the Hair, etc.; with full instructions in Letter-writing, Receiving presents, Incorrect speaking, Borrowing, Obligations to Gentlemen, Offences in Society, Care of Children, Decorum in Church, etc., with full suggestions as to bad practices and habits inadvertently contracted, etc." The authoress is the late Miss Eliza Leslie, of Philadelphia, well known for her many valuable works on domestic economy.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers having brought to a successful conclusion the publication of their cheap series of the *Waverly Novels*, which we have so often brought to the attention of our readers, have just inaugurated a similar and even more praiseworthy enterprise in the uniform issue of *The Complete Writings of Charles Dickens*, the whole to be published in twenty-eight weekly parts, paper covers, in form, to be sent by mail, at 25 cents each, or $5.00 for a subscription to the entire series. This subscription rate brings the weekly parts down to *less than 18 cents each, for a well printed, large octavo volume of about one hundred and sixty pages!* and delivered at your door, free of extra cost, in any part of the United States. If there could possibly be anything cheaper than this, or better than this, considering that it is the works of the greatest novelist of the age that are thus to be given away, we should like to see it. Everything that the immortal Boz has written, from the inimitable Pickwick Papers and "Sketches," and including not only his lengthy serial novels but his briefer Christmas stories, and tales in "Household Words," etc., down to the Tale of Two Cities, in All the Year Round, are to be printed in this set of volumes, which will be therefore not only the cheapest edition of Dickens ever published, but the completest. This new edition forms the *thirtieth* style in which the Messrs. Peterson now serve up the writings of Dickens. We make the suggestion that every reader send to the publishers, Philadelphia, for a circular and price list.

The Rev. Harvey Newcomb, well known for his excellent writings for children, "How to be a Man," "How to be a Lady," "Anecdotes for Boys and Girls," and that earnest little volume addressed to young converts in religion, "The Harvest and the Reapers," has just added to his useful little series *Kind Words for Children to Guide them to the Path of Peace*, published by Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, Boston, in a neat 16 mo. volume of 140 pages. It is a simple and beautiful exposition of the doctrines and duties of the Gospel, in language and with illustrations adapted to children. Few books published for the young can be so unhesitatingly recommended as this, and few will attract them more. We wish that every mother could buy it, and read it to her children until its contents shall be engraven on their hearts.

The same publishers issue another of their invaluable practical religious treatises, *A Commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians*, Explanatory, Doctrinal and Practical: With a Series of Questions; By R. E. Pattison, D.D., late President of Waterville College. This volume is indispensable to students in Bible and New Testament History. It will form an efficient aid to a correct understanding and appreciation of the important portion of scripture which it so fully illustrates and elucidates. It contains the very marrow of the Gospel, unfolding, from a single epistle, the scheme of Divine mercy through Jesus Christ. Young disciples will be instructed by it, older Christians will find food for thought in its suggestive pages, and those advanced in Bible knowledge will still learn many new and important truths from its matured teachings. It is one of the very best in the long catalogue of practical religious books issued by the well known and esteemed firm of Gould & Lincoln. 1 vol., 12mo.

The September number of our Charleston favorite, *Russell's Magazine*, opens with a valuable and interesting historical paper, The Carolina Regiment in the Expedition against St. Augustine, in 1740. The Anatomy of Words is the initial part of what promises to be an interesting series of articles suggested by the philological works of Dean Trench, Horne Tooke, and others. Epistolary Gossipings of Travel are continued; and so is that interesting novelette, The Actress in High Life. Another of the admirable translations, which are a distinctive feature in Rusell, is commenced. It is called The Marble Bust, and promises to be excellent. Tennyson's Idylls of the King are genially reviewed; and Masaniello, the famous fisherman of Naples, finds an interesting biographer. There are other articles, with frequent gems of verse, and a very attractive Editor's Table, attractive because the production of a finely cultivated mind, but we have enumerated sufficient to show the reader that Russell maintains its high character, and that Carolinians need not go out of Carolina for a periodical of the very highest standard.

Both the *London Quarterly Review* and *North British Review*, (American reprint of Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co., New York) are fine numbers for the last issues. In the North British there is a charming review of Tennyson's Idylls of the King, which should be *studied* by every reader of the poem; a sketch of New England Provincial Life and History, suggested by Longfellow's Courtship of Miles Standish and Hawthorne's agreeable stories; and a number of other attractive articles all quite as interesting to the American as the English reader, among which are Botany and Botanists, Syriac Church History, Patrick Fraser Tytler, Wanderings of an Artist, Glaciers, Guizot's Memoirs, etc. The paper on Painters patronized by Charles the First is full of gossipy art intelligence.

In the *London Quarterly*, the papers are all marked with spirit and thorough information. Every article is a distinct, elaborate and finished essay. An interesting contribution to the history of early national music in England is finished in Popular Music of the Olden Time. The Islands of the Pacific is another able historical article principally descriptive of Fiji and the Fijians. Berkshire, the "royal county," a most interesting local subject, is well written upon by the author of Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby. Other articles are, The Progress of Geology, in which among other books Henry Rogers's famous work The Geology of Pennsylvania is reviewed: the Invasion of England, in which the author prophesies danger to England from France; Burgon's Life of Tytler; the Life of Erasmus etc. Five dollars could not be more remuneratively expended than in a subscription to these two fine periodicals.

(From Bancroft's History of the United Statse.)

John Locke and William Penn. A Parallel.

"Locke, like William Penn, was tolerant; both loved freedom, both cherished truth in sincerity. But Locke kindled the torch of liberty at the fires of tradition; Penn at the living light in the soul. Locke sought truth through the senses and the outward world; Penn looked inward to the Divine revelations in every mind. Locke compared the soul to a sheet of white paper, just as Hobbes had compared it to a slate, on which time and chance might scrawl their experience; to Penn, the soul was an organ which of itself instinctively breathes Divine harmonies, like those musical instruments which are so curiously and perfectly framed, that, when once put in motion, they of themselves give forth all the melodies designed by the artist that made them. To Locke, 'Conscience is nothing else than our own opinion of our own action; to Penn it is the image of God and his oracle in the soul. Locke, who was never a father, esteemed "the duty of parents to preserve their children not to be understood without reward and punishment;" Penn loved his children with not a thought for the consequences. Locke, who was never married, declares marriage, an affair of the sense; Penn reverenced woman as the object of fervent, inward affection, made, not for lust, but for love. In studying the understanding, Locke begins with the resources of knowledge; Penn with an inventory of our intellectual treasures. Locke deduces government from Noah and Adam, rests it upon contract, and announces its end to be the security of property; Penn, far from going back to Adam, or even to Noah, declares 'that there must be a people before a government' and deducing the right to institute government from man's moral nature, seeks its fundamental rules in their immutable dictates of "universal reason," its end in freedom and happiness. The system of Locke lends itself to contending factions of the most opposite interests and purposes; the doctrine of Fox and Penn, being but the common creed of humanity forbids division, and insures the highest moral unity. To Locke, happiness is pleasure; things are good and evil only in reference to pleasure and pain; and to inquire after the highest good, is as absurd as to dispute whether the best relish be in "apples, plums, or nuts;" Penn esteemed happiness to lie in the subjection of the baser instincts—to the instinct of Deity in the breast; good and evil to be eternally and always as unlike as truth and falsehood, and the inquiry after the highest good to involve the purpose of existence. Locke says plainly, "that, but for rewards and punishments beyond the grave, it is *certainly right* to eat, drink, and enjoy what we delight in; Penn, like Plato and Fenelon, maintained the doctrine so terrible to despots, that God is to be loved for his own sake, and virtue to be practised for its intrinsic loveliness. Locke derives the idea of infinity from the sense, describes it as purely negative, and attributes it to nothing but space, duration, and number; Penn derived the idea from the soul, and ascribed it to truth, and virtue, and God. Locke declares immortality a matter with which reason has nothing to do, and that revealed truth must be sustained by outward signs and visible acts of power;= Penn saw truth by its own light, and summoned the soul to bear witness to its own glory. Locke believed not so many men in wrong opinions as is commonly supposed, because the greatest part have no opinions at all, and do not know what they contend for; Penn likewise vindicated the many, but it was because truth is the common inheritance of the race. Locke, in his love of tolerance, inveighed against the methods of persecution as "Popish practices;" Penn censuted no sect, but condemned bigotry of all sorts as inhuman."

Japan Legerdemain.

He threw up the sleeves of his dress and showed a piece of some tissue paper which he held in his hand. It was about six inches square, and by dexterous and delicate manipulation he formed it into a very good imitation of a butterfly, the wings being extended, and at the most each was one inch across. Holding the butterfly out in the palm of his hand, to show what it was, he placed two candles which were beside him in such a position as to allow him to wave a fan rapidly without affecting the flame, and then, by a gentle motion of his fan over the paper insect he proceeded to set it in motion. A counter-draught of air from some quarter interfered with his efforts, and made the butterfly truant to his will and the screen had to be removed a little to remedy this.

He then threw the paper butterfly up in the air and gradually it seemed to acquire life from the action of his fan—now wheeling and dipping toward it, now tripping along its edge, then hovering over it, as we may see a butterfly do over a flower, on a fine Summer's day, then in wantonness wheeling away, and again returning to alight, the wings quivering with nervous restlessness. One could have declared it was a live creature. Now it flew off to the light, and then the conjurer recalled it, and presently supplied a mate in the shape of another butterfly and together they rose, and played about the old man's fan, varying their attention, between flirting with one another and fluttering along the edges of the fan. We repeatedly saw one on each side of it as he held it nearly vertically, and gave the fan a short quick motion; then one butterfly would pass over to the other, both would wheel away as if in play and again return.

A plant with some flowers stood in a pot near at hand, by gentle movements of the fan the pretty little creatures were led up to it, and then their delight! how they played about the leaves, sipped the flowers, kissed each other, and whisked off again with the airs and graces of real butterflies! The audience was in ecstacies and young and old clapped their hands with delight. The exhibition ended when the old man advanced to the front of the stage, within arm's length of us all accompanied by his magic butterflies, that even in the open air continued to play around the magician and his fan. As a feat of legerdemain it was by far the most beautiful trick we have ever heard of, and one that must require an immense amount of practice.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

LAW AND ORDER IN BALTIMORE.—Secret political and lawless clubs have of recent years so completely trampled under foot all observance of law and order in the city of Baltimore, that life and property were in imminent and momentary danger. The citizens have at last resolved to redeem it from the influences which have so long impaired its good name and injured its prosperity. We trust the good work will go on until Plug Uglyism and rowdyism are consigned to the disgrace which they deserve. A Baltimore paper gives the following proceedings of a recent public meeting of the citizens:

The town meeting called by the merchants, mechanics, business and professional men assembled this afternoon at 4 o'clock at Monument Square, to deliberate and devise means for rescuing the city from its present disorganized condition, and restoring the supremacy of law and order.

The vast square was densely packed, and all the avenues leading thereto, thronged by masses of orderly, respectable and influential citizens.

The preamble and resolutions set forth in clear and emphatic language, the social and political evils which exist. They condemn Club rule, and propose vigorous and effective measures to ensure a fair expression of sentiment at the ensuing election, by protecting the ballot-box; placing in nomination honest, capable and fearless men in opposition to the nominees of political clubs; also for the appointment of a committee to call upon the Mayor, and demand the selection of reliable men as judges of the next election; and the appointment of a special police force to keep the polls clear; and emphatically to empower a special committee to nominate, irrespective of party, the most respectable and reliable citizens for officers.

The meeting was addressed by Geo. Brown, Esq., a distinguished member of the bar; James Hodges, merchant, of the firm of Hodges & Brothers, and George M. Gill. The speeches were received with shouts of approval.

During the proceedings several efforts at interruption were made by members of rowdy gangs, but they were promptly suppressed.

After the adjournment, a body of rowdies, calling themselves Regulators, rushed to the stand, and one of them attempted a harangue. The police arrested the ringleaders, some fifteen in number, who were taken to the station house amid the loud plaudits of the people.

THE BUSINESS OF MEMPHIS.—The business of Memphis has increased fully thirty-three per cent. within the last year. It has now reached an aggregate of nearly $40,000,000 per annum. Cotton receipts at the port of Memphis for the year ending September 1, 1859, 325,480 bales; previous year, 253,000; increase, 82,480. The value of the crop for the year just closed cannot be accurately known, but will not fall much below $18,000,000.

MEDALS OF REWARD.—The Collector of the port of Philadelphia has received several gold and silver medals transmitted to the State Department of Washington, by Lord Napier, the British Minister, for presentation to the officers and several of the crew of the packet ship Tuscarora, in acknowledgment of services rendered to the British bark Norfolk in November, 1858.

EX-PRESIDENT VAN BUREN.—We find the following in an exchange:

Ex-President Van Buren is engaged in preparing a volume of his own "Life and Times."

Newbern Delta.

The Newbern *Daily Progress* of Monday has the following:

After a brief and somewhat *stormy* existence, the "Daily Delta" died in this town at 1 o'clock on Saturday last. The following extract from the last issue tells its own tale:

"In order to make the necessary arrangements for our removal to Salisbury it follows that our publication be suspended a few days, and in accordance therewith this paper is the last number we shall issue in Newbern. This issue we send to all our subscribers, both Daily and Weekly, to whom our next number will be supplied from Salisbury.

According to custom it is, doubtless, expected that we should here extend a parting word. Well, not feeling much in the mood for poetry to day we shall not write any heart-sick and eye-watered effusion. A few simple words must suffice.

The fifth of next month will conclude the sixth month since we commenced the publication of the Delta. It was commenced upon our own responsibilities, and it is now being changed upon our own responsibilities. We have not only labored constantly and earnestly both day and night, but we have made nothing in a pecuniary point of view."

Remarkable Man.

A correspondent of *The Charleston Mercury*, writing from Denver's Spring N. C., tells of a Revolutionary soldier, named Henry, residing there, who was in the battle of King's Mountain:

"He is nearly 95 years old, and still reads without spectacles; he was a mere boy at the time of the battle, but stood his ground when Ferguson's troops charged with the bayonet, and in consequence had a thrust through the hand and into the thigh. His rifle, which he had just loaded, was discharged at the moment he received the thrust. This killed his antagonist, and after the British had retired up the mountain, Mr. Henry was found lying by a log with the musket hanging by its bayonet to his thigh. He afterward became a distinguished criminal lawyer, and is said to have defended more desperate criminal cases than any other man in the State. He has in manuscript an account of the battle prepared by himself with the aid of Vance, another of the participators in that battle. He says that Sumter's original name was not the "Game Cock," but "Tuck." That he was so called by one Gilmore, who owned a blue hen famous for her game chickens. That a celebrated fighter named "Tuck," was one of this blue hen's chickens, and in compliment to Sumter's pluck, Gilmore gave him the cognomen "Tuck," which was afterward changed into "The Game Cock."

THE JOHN SMITHS.—The dilemmas that beset a Sheriff, says the Richmond *Enquirer*, sometimes furnish no small amount of amusement. The subjoined is an exact copy of a return made by the Sheriff of one of our counties, to a process sent to him for execution:

DEAR SIR:—You have sent me a summons in chancery styled Wharton & Co., vs. Colvin's Executors, commanding me to summons John Smith to appear, &c. Now, will you be kind enough to let me know on which John Smith to execute this process; for we have many of them in this county. There is John surnamed the Baptist, called after his religion.—There is farmer John, Saddler John and Carpenter John, called after their occupations. There is talking John, a man of great volubility of words. There is Bumble John, very old, said when a boy to have been great at taking bee nests, when that was the euphoneous title of that insect now meekly called the humble bee. There is Yankee John, called after the land of his birth. There is John Izard, the twenty-sixth son, no doubt so-called from the old style pronunciation of the last letter of the alphabet. Then, there is Irish John, who is uncharitably supposed not to have had that name when he left the Emerald Isle, and John, of Patmos, remarkable for having had many visions. This John particularly protests against the service of your process on him, saying his is a mission of peace and not of strife, and that his name must not be mixed up with a law suit. And, lastly, there is John, the grafter, who can graft peacock feathers on a rumpless rooster's tail.

Our clerks know these Johns by their various titles, and generally so designate them in any process they may issue.—Will you, I repeat, let me know which one of our John Smiths your process is intended for and it shall be duly executed?

Yours, truly.

DEATH OF LEIGH HUNT:—A late arrival from Europe brings intelligence of the death of Leigh Hunt, the well known journalist and poet. He was the son of a clergymen of the Church of England, and was born at Southgate, in Middlesex, October 19, 1784, consequently, he was near 75 years old at the time of his death.

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, Sept. 16th, 1859.

A projected Elopement, and what came of it—The Rev. T. Starr King, in which he is not considered as great a preacher as he might be—The "Great Eastern," and her destination—The approaching Cricket Match—Poor John Mitchell—Distressing suicide of a New York Hotel Keeper—"Adam Bede," his value, parentage, &c.—A balloon voyage across the Atlantic—Dramatic Items, &c., &c.

Esteemed Times: According to promise I will now proceed to briefly detail the interesting little "love story" to which I alluded in my last epistle.

On a warm, sultry night during the early part of the preceding month, one of our fashionable squares was thrown into quite a ferment growing out of the following state of facts. It appears that one Tadpole Green, by nature rather verdant, had become deeply enamored of a certain Miss Brown, who, in her turn, had been highly fascinated by the handsome moustache and garotte collar of Green aforesaid. Now it would seem that Brown the elder—for certain reasons which did not transpire—had refused poor Tadpole his house, and so partly blocked our chivalrous hero's game. But then who ever knew warm hearts and willing hands long balked? By some means or other the twain managed to maintain a regular epistolary communication, during the course of which an elopement was proposed and finally agreed upon, and the right in question was that determined on to carry out the project.

As the clock of a neighboring church tolled the hour of twelve, a ladder (the property of an adjacent builder) was hastily rested against the second story window of the Brown mansion, and a moment later the form of our hero himself was seen ascending. But, alas! the "course of true love never does run smooth," and such was the sad experience of poor Green. He had proceeded about two-thirds of his journey when, behold, out peeps the head of the elder Brown from the window below, accompanied with a cry of "thief! thief!" and the simultaneous discharge of a ponderous blunderbuss with which he was armed. Another instant and the attenuated limbs of poor Green were earnestly embracing Mother-earth. It was but for an instant, however, for the ominous ring of a policeman's club close by, aroused him to a consciousness of his danger, and quick as thought he was flying down —— street at the top of his speed, minus an elaborate "Genin" (tile) and an unblemished pair of delicate green kids. As it would happen the particular spot of *terra firma* that was honored by his cordial greeting, it was as verdant as our hero's self, and hence the violent concussion of the two substances produced no fatal result. And as no crimson fluid was discovered in the vicinity, it is presumed the "Gay Cavalier" escaped the contents of the ferocious "shooting iron." Poor Tadpole, we ——— drop a tear to thy memory!

The Rev. T. Starr King, somewhere called a popular divine, "held forth" in this city last Sunday, at Dr. Chapin's Church. We bent our steps thither at an early hour fully expecting an intellectual feast of rare and striking magnificence instead of which we were bored for nearly three quarters of an hour with a prosy, threadbare discourse, utterly devoid of either pith, point or eloquence, and delivered in so indistinct a tone as to be almost inaudible at the distance of a dozen feet from the pulpit. The reverend gentleman has a fine voice if it were only properly exercised, but he certainly can lay no claim to elocution, i. e., if the discourse to which we were a pained listener be a fair specimen of his literary and oratorical ability, which we have no reason to doubt. Mr. King has no gesticulation, and his style is cold and formal. Altogether we felt considerably relieved when the final amen had been pronounced, and resolved to take a seat very near the door the next time we went to hear a strange preacher. The Rev. Dr. is said to command a salary of ten thousand per annum; so much for taste!

The destination of the steamship "Great Eastern" forms just now a prolific theme for the discussion and speculation of our citizens. The knowing ones of the Herald are confident that New York will be the favored port, whilst the majority are inclined to the belief that Portland will first exchange glances with the mammoth hulk.

The eleven English cricketers opposed to the twenty two of the United States, in the great match shortly to be played here, are on their way hither, and are expected any hour. There is every indication of a spirited contest, and a good time generally.

The famous potato-field hero, John Mitchell, left this port for Havre last week, without so much as a newspaper paragraph heralding the event. What a contrast to the clamorous ebullition of feeling that proclaimed his advent in the New World only a few years ago!

Our city was started a few days since by the announcement of the suicide of Mr. Freeman, the proprietor of the International Hotel and Taylor's celebrated refectory on Broadway and Franklin street. The unfortunate man had been indisposed for some time, and is supposed to have been laboring under a temporary aberration of the mind at the period of the commission of the tragic deed. He leaves a wife and family besides a considerable estate. The instrument of death was a razor; his head was nearly severed from his body.

It is stated on good authority that Miss Evans, the author of "Adam Bede," received from the Messrs. Blackwood, her publishers, four thousand pounds sterling for the copyright of this work. Rumor says "Adam" was born in this city of clerical parentage and intimates Milburn, Strickland and another as joint parents. This is probably as false an offspring as the eccentric dame Rumor was ever delivered of.

There is a novel and exciting project on foot in the metropolis just now, viz., the equipment of a balloon for a voyage across the Atlantic. The work is going on under the superintendence of an experienced aeronaut, and is expected to be completed by the first of October. It is thought the voyage can be accomplished in two days, though we doubt it. The balloon is 240 feet in height, 132 in diameter, and will contain about 700,000 cubic feet of gas. There will be a large life-boat attached of about 45 feet in length, which will carry a caloric engine capable of working a propeller on the screw principle. The whole apparatus, when all together will weigh probably three tons, and possess a lifting power of about 22 tons. The enterprise will cost in the neighborhood of $25,000. Some half dozen passengers, besides the latest papers, will make up her complement of freight. So says rumor.

Theatrical matters are driving briskly along. The Ravels are at Niblo's. Matilda Heron, a capital actress, is drawing crowded houses at Wallack's, in Mrs. Bateman's new play, "Geraldine." Laura Keene is doing her best, and that is always good. Academy of Music has opened its doors again with moderate success. Madame Anna Bishop has been singing at the Palace Gardens, but the meanness of this institution towards the press excludes the report of with what success. The new Bowery Theatre—a modern democratic temple of Thespis—was opened here last week with promises of success. Nothing else in this line worth noting, so will close.

As ever, yours,
QUEERSTREET.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH. N. C., Sept. 19th.

Louis Napoleon's great strokes of Policy—Free Trade and the retirement of the Rothschilds—Connecting the Continents—Encouragement under Difficulties—Great Sale.

Dear Times: In the midst of the magnificent glorifications which celebrated the successful completion of the Italian War, in Paris, two important events have occurred which have hardly received from the press the notice due to their magnitude. The attention of the multitude is ever soonest caught and most strongly held by the gilt and glitter of the outside tinsel, while the object beneath all this may be of the most vital importance. In a moral and political point of view it is doubtful if the consequences of the Italian Campaign can so deeply affect Europe, as those of the two events we will mention.—They required no enormous bodies of armed men to produce them; no armies met in rude shock, shaking the earth beneath their tramp and dyeing it with their blood; no widows, no mutilated men, attest and bewail what they suffered; neither do the nations rise to embrace each other and spend their days and nights in festive rejoicings. A single stroke of a pen from that crowned impersonation of Sovereign Will, at the Tuilleries, swept away a depressing and overwhelming weight, which for centuries has crushed the mighty energies of France, and established "Free Trade" throughout the length and breadth of the Empire.—This is an action most worthy of him who has long been in advance of his age, most worthy of him who has always claimed to be the Emperor of the French people. He has taken down the monopoly of selfish capital and restored the true dignity of labor. He has decreed the free entrance into France of coal, iron, cotton, wool, and potter's clay, the great bases and materials of manufacturing industry. There need be no fear that by this move he intends to provide and strengthen himself for an attack on England; he will aid and enrich her as much as himself, and will create those new and powerful bonds which are the best guarantees of peace.

The other fact to which we alluded is the probable retirement of the Rothschilds from their seat at the financial helm of Europe. For many years the able men have held the destinies of kingdoms in their grasp. At their nod, armies have marched to the field or retreated from the face of their enemies, their fatal blow paralysed at its fullest sweep by those who held the "sinews of war." With their consent crowned heads were united in wedlock or forced to give up their cherished schemes of family aggrandisement at their dread negative. Such a power as this was not to be endured by Napoleon. In his opinion there ought to be but one sun in the political firmament, and that sun must be himself, around whom the satellites may revolve, and whose splendor they may reflect. His imperial mind speedily discovered an expedient which would enable him to dispense with brokers, in negotiating his loans, by applying directly to the People; other Continental Powers soon caught the trick and the knell of the Banker Brokers' influence was sounded. A greater broker than any of them, he soon found out the power of wealth and how well Royalty would shine, clothed and shod with Gold, and it could not be supposed that he, who could elevate or depress the Stocks by a nod or a shrug, would hesitate to take advantage of so fortuitous a circumstance. No one could stand against him who held himself the secret springs of intelligence, whose mind itself was the source whence emanated the means of elevation or depression; the Rothschilds were wise to retire in time or the imperial broker would have found little difficulty in transferring their "pile" into his private purse.

Your readers have, of course, seen the accounts of the final preparation of the "Great Eastern" for her first trip; it is difficult for the imagination to conceive so enormous a bulk, a *city* moving on the waters; it is well worth a trip North just to see her, as it seems now to be definitely settled that Portland is to be her destination; the most complete arrangements have been made there for her reception. Simultaneously with this announcement came intimations of another attempt to lay the Submarine Telegraph; we do not yet believe it can be done, in the present state of Science; but hope is stronger than belief; however we do not intend to buy up *many* of the shares, nor more than a thousand miles of the cable. By way of counterbalance to all these "plans of fair, delightful Peace," there is an ugly little spot of war, gathering away up yonder in a remote corner of Oregon; we sincerely hope a mild plaster and a few long talks will dissipate the angry matter and make all right and sound again. It seems that the original exciting cause of the difficulty, which brought the question of Sovereignty, was an errant pig.

We have been much interested in looking at a very neat buggy-wagon made entirely, except the iron work, by a Presbyterian clergyman, residing in the country, near here; without any previous instruction or even the proper tools, he set his wits to work and built a vehicle, from the ground up, that would put to the blush many of the best efforts of our mechanics; the busy fingers of his lady wife supplied the curtains, cushions &c.

The sale of the large amount of furniture at Bain's Hotel has drawn an interested crowd together, several strangers among them, to hear the veteran jokes of the auctioneer, and buy some of his wares. The bidding was spirited and the articles brought good prices; the sale has lasted three or four days. Yours &c.,
P. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sep. 16th, '59.

Reply to Douglas' manifesto—Telegraphic consolidation—Our Mexican relations—Commissioner Greenwood—Gen. Scott—Firemen's visit—Washington Irving—New Market—Atlantic Telegraph—The Tournament—Theatrical.

A very full and able reply to the argument of Judge Douglas in Harper's Magazine has just made its appearance in pamphlet form. The writer shows conclusively that the present position of Mr. Douglas, with reference to the power of Territorial legislatures, is an after thought, devised to meet his existing political necessities, and in direct contradiction to his former arguments, as well as to the doctrine laid down by the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott decision. In administration circles this reply is regarded as a very effective overthrow of the position, held by Mr. Douglas. Logical, courteous in its tone, but pungent, it will be widely read. Rumor assigns its authorship to Attorney General Black.

Negotiations are in progress in New York city to consolidate the various telegraph interests of the country into one grand concern. In the West, telegraphic facilities are increasing with wonderful rapidity. The wires are now in successful operation for about 400 miles west of St. Louis. Another section of about 200 miles will soon be in communication, by which the press will receive very full reports of California news three or four days in advance of the overland mail at St. Louis, and within the next few months, it may be reasonably anticipated that the California and Utah line will become the most important sources of interesting public intelligence.

Mr. McLane, our minister to Mexico, arrived here this week. He has returned without a treaty, but the relations between the two countries are such as to leave no doubt of an early accommodation. The failure to adjust a treaty, was owing to differences relative to the clause for the protection of the right of way proposed to be given to this government—the latter claiming to be the best judge when such protection should be undertaken by itself, and the Juarez cabinet holding that the right should be exercised only in the event of Mexico being incompetent, and after application for that purpose.

Hon. A. B. Greenwood, the Commissioner of Indian affairs, left Washington yesterday on an official visit to the Indian reserves in the West. The War Department has ordered the commanders of our military outposts to furnish him with such escorts as he may from time to time require in the visit he is about making to the Indian reservations in Nebraska, Kansas, and the Indian territory west of Arkansas.

Lieut. General Winfield Scott, is now in this City, in compliance with a telegraphic summons requiring his presence here.

The American Steam fire engine Company of Philadelphia, visited this City on the 10th of September, remaining during the two following days. They were handsomely entertained by their fellow-firemen of Washington.

The reading world will be interested to know that Washington Irving, the pioneer of American literature, after a life devoted unceasingly to literary duties, is now for the first time resting from his labors, and will no more assume the pen of the author.

Preliminary steps have been taken for a new, and improved market structure. A town clock will surmount the tower, and it is expected that the edifice, when completed will compare favorably with those used elsewhere for similar purposes.

Commander Maury of the National Observatory is now engaged as one of the Consulting Committee of the Atlantic Telegraph Company in examining specimens of cables best suited for the ocean telegraph.

The Tournament yesterday passed off with great *'eclat*. About 8,000 persons were present. The riding was very spirited, lances were shivered, and knights unhorsed with an impetuosity that would have done honor to the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

During the past week Tom Taylor's screaming farce "Our American Cousin," has had a run at our theatre. Q.

ANOTHER MUSICAL PRODIGY.—Master Henry Ketton, a young Hungarian, in his eleventh year, is astonishing the musical world by his performances on the piano forte. In London and Paris, he has created a great sensation.

THE LEDGER.—The leaders and stewards of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Lambertville, N.J., have "resolved that the circulation and reading of the New York Ledger and Police Gazette is a violation of the spirit and intent of that portion of the general rules of that church—first, the injunction to do no harm; second, doing what we know is not for the glory of God; thirdly, the reading of those books which do not tend to the knowledge and love of God."

WOMEN ALLOWED TO VOTE.—In the constitution being formed for Kansas, women are allowed to vote in school matters. They may vote for a school officer, school taxes, and everything pertaining to the organization of the common schools, equally with men.—Conferring this much of the elective franchise upon females is intended as an experiment.

LITERARY BOARD.—The Raleigh *Standard* learns that Gov. Ellis has notified the members of the Literary Board to meet in the city of Raleigh on the 27th instant.

WILMINGTON MERCHANTS.—We find the following announcement from the Superintendant of the Wilmington and Weldon Road in Wilmington papers:

"Return tickets will be sold to merchants who desire visiting the Western part of the State, or points along this Road, for the purpose of soliciting business, *strictly*—good for *ten days*."

This is a commendable move.

GEORGIA FEMALE COLLEGE:—We are informed that the Georgia Female College opened its fall session with a larger number of new pupils than usually attend, the Institution at this season.

Prof. J. P. Nelson, formerly of Maryland but more recently of North Carolina, has been tendered a Professorship in Jefferson College, situated at Washington, Mississippi.

$50.00 SEWING MACHINES.—The QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE Works with two threads, making a double lock stitch, which will not rip or ravel, even if every fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as well, the coarsest Linsey, or the finest Muslin, and is undeniably the best machine in market. Merchant Tailors, Mantua Makers and House Keepers, are invited to call and examine for themselves.

Mr. P. A. Wilson, Merchant Tailor, Winston, N. C., having tried other machines, buys one of the Quaker City, and pronounces it far better than any before in use.

All persons wishing to secure the agency for the sale of the Quaker City machine, in any of the towns of North-Carolina, except in the county of Wake which is secured to Messrs. Tucker & Co., of Raleigh, and the county of Forsythe, taken by P. A. Wilson, of Winston, should apply soon to the undersigned, agents for the State. We will pay a reasonable per cent. to all persons taking agencies.

J. & F. GARRETT, Agents.
Gseensboro, N. C., Feb. 2nd., 1859.

PATRICK SPRINGS,
Patrick County, Va.

This justly celebrated Watering Place passed into the hands of the present owner last year. Upon the 20th March, 1859, I commenced active operations upon the premises in the way of finishing houses and adding others, and newly furnishing the whole, for the comfortable accommodation of visitors. As I now have a large force at work and much of my furniture at hand, I can say with certainty that the Springs will be opened on the 15th JULY, '59; and while, for want of time, I cannot make that improvement I would like or that the place demands, I think what I have done will satisfy any reasonable people that a great work is progressing in the right direction towards the successful improvement of that property, designed by Providence to be of great service to the world. The Ladies will find their rooms with neat and comfortable beds, and other appendages for their enjoyment, with one of the finest toned Pianos in the newly furnished Parlor for their recreation. Gentlemen will likewise find that I have cared well for them, and all I ask is a visit and a little forbearance, promising my best efforts to render all agreeable and comfortable who may favor me with a call. I might say much in behalf of the curative qualities of the water, but I only deem it necessary to say the water speaks for itself in tones far superior to my words; therefore enquire of those who have visited, and let it stand upon its own merits alone. I am now at work trying to add accommodations to unmistakable reputation. This property is situated between Bull and No-Business Mountains, in the county of Patrick, State of Virginia, and will be in a condition for the comfortable accommodation of upwards of one hundred visitors by the 15th of July.

BEVERLY A. DAVIS,
late of Pittsylvania co., Va., Proprietor.

The undersigned has rented of the proprietor of the Patrick Springs, the BAR, BOWLING SALOON, LIVERY STABLES, &c., and from his experience in conducting a similar business, having been for some time proprietor of Simmons' Hotel at Pittsylvania Court-House, flatters himself that he can please the public.

June 16,' 59—jy16-3m. JNO. W. DYER.

BOOTS AND SHOES!
HAVING LEASED THE STORE formerly occupied by Messrs. Gilmer & Hendrix, opposite the "Brittain House," I am now receiving and opening the largest Stock of **Boots and Shoes** ever offered in this section of country.

My stock consists of Ladies, Gents, Misses, Boys, Youths and Childrens Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, of every variety, style and price—to an examination of which I invite the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country.

I buy all my goods from the Manufacturers—get nothing second-handed—and those, therefore, who buy of me do not have to pay a *second profit*, as is the case with those who buy of the New York and Philadelphia Jobbers.—Besides I intend doing an EXCLUSIVELY CASH business, which will enable me to sell *lower than any one who does a credit business.*

Be sure and call at the Boot and Shoe store.

J. B. F. BOONE.
May, 1859. (61) C. M. RAY, *Agent.*

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, or any SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying *I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time.* Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.

Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
Greensboro, N. C.

And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.

☞ The afflicted would do well to write him, and describe their case.

Good Times Come at Last.

THE BEST, CHEAPEST AND MOST ELEGANT STOCK OF READY MADE **SPRING** and **SUMMER Clothing** has been received by the undersigned. Our stock consists of Coats, Pants, Vests &c., made in the latest style and in a superior manner to any that has ever been shown in this country. Also Hats, Boots, Shoes, Shirts, Collars, Drawers, Watches, Jewelry, Pistols, Portmonies, Knives, Umbrellas and Carpet Bags, in fact everything that is necessary in a Gents' large furnishing Store.

These goods were bought and will be sold at prices defying competition.

Come and give us a call and you will not leave dissatisfied. S. ARCHER & CO.

Spring, 1859.

Those indebted to S. Archer, or S. Archer & Co., are hereby earnestly requested to make payment.

20,000 PRINTING CARDS, With a variety of other Materials just received at the Times Office. All kinds of JOB WORK executed in the neatest style of the Art at the cheapest prices.

Blank Warrants—For sale at this Office

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, Sept. 24, 1859.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT. } *Editors and Proprietors*

Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

F. W. CARUTHERS, D.D.,	GEO. W. COTHRAN,
WM. R. HUNTER,	R. G. STAPLES,
J. STARK HOLLOWAY,	STEPHEN F. MILLER,
Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY,	Prof. E. F. ROCKWELL,
J. WOODRUFF LEWIS,	MATILDA C. SMILEY,
S. J. C. WHITTLESEY,	FINLEY JOHNSON,
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WILLIE E. PABOR,	CLARA AUGUSTA,
INA CLAYTON,	A. PERRY SPERRY,
C. G. DUNN,	Mrs. DI VERNON,
ANNA M. BATES,	PAUL RIVINWOOD,
GRACE MILWOOD,	Mdm. O. W. LEVERT,
Mrs. L. M. HUTCHINSON,	Mrs. E. C. LOOMIS,
ED. ST. GEO. COOKE,	JULIA SOUTHALL,
Mrs. C. HUTCHINS,	H. A. DWIGHT,
GRIFFITH J. McREE,	J. C. FITZ GERALD
and others.	and others.

Cork Trees in California.

The Patent Office having obtained seeds of the cork tree from Europe, sent several packages last year to California, which possesses a climate similar to France and Spain, where it flourishes. These seeds were planted at Sonora, and about 87 per cent. of them have come up, and give promise of becoming stately trees. Cork is one of the most useful and valuable articles connected with the arts, and we have no substitute which can take its place. We import annually about $209,500 worth of corks, and $18,000 worth of the bark of the tree. If this tree prospers in California, of course a considerable saving will be effected to the country, because we shall be able not only to manufacture all the articles of cork which we use ourselves, but we will not be required to import any of the raw material.—*Exchange.*

Reading the above, we had a desire to know something of the Cork Tree, and how the Cork, such as we are accustomed to see, is manufactured. Having found the desired information, we also present it to our readers.

Cork is the soft elastic bark of a species of oak which grows abundantly in Spain, Portugal, and Italy. When the tree is fifteen years old the barking is commenced, and may be repeated every eight or ten years afterward, the crops improving both in quantity and quality at each operation. Trees thus barked will, it is said, live 150 years. The cork is removed from the trees in July and August. This is done by making incisions around the tree and longitudinally to the root, when the pieces are easily detached. These are then soaked in water, pressed under heavy weights, dried before a fire, and stocked or packed in bales for exportation. The cork-cutters divide the sheets of cork into narrow strips, and after cutting these of the proper length, round them into a cylindrical form, with a very sharp, thin bladed knife. The French excel in this art. Spanish black is made from the burnt parings of cork.

Cork and its uses were known among the ancients, but it does not appear to have been common until the 15th century, when glass bottles first came into general use. Cork is employed in various ways, but especially for stopping vessels containing liquids, and, on account of its buoyancy in water, in the construction of life-boats. Before the invention of the air belt it was used in the manufacture of life-preservers or cork-jackets. These consisted of two strips of strong canvas made to fit the body, which enclosed pieces of cork. This invention appears to be of very early date, as Plutarch in his life of Camillus refers to it.

CAROLINA FEMALE COLLEGE.—We learn by a correspondent that the exercises of Carolina Female College are to be resumed, under the management of its former able and accomplished President, Rev. T. R. Walsh.

Ten Years of Preacher Life.

Chapters from an Autobiography of William Henry Milburn, the Blind Preacher.

The author of "The Rifle, Axe and Saddle-bags" has been induced to write his own biography, or rather a series of pictures taken from the life of a blind Methodist preacher. The opening chapter, containing an affecting account of the accident by which Mr. Milburn lost his sight, is followed by a brief narrative of his early life and the causes which induced him to enter the ministry. Then we have the curious details of his itinerant life as a wandering Methodist clergyman, some of which are highly amusing. Much of the book is occupied by the writer's recollections of the time he spent in Washington as Chaplain to the House of Representatives, and the entire narrative is replete with anecdotical reminiscences, told in a racy, graceful style. We copy the following, as giving a good idea of the style of the book:

A SERMON INTERRUPTED.

One of our beloved bishops, the Rev. Thomas A. Morris, when a young man, was traveling somewhere in the West, and left an appointment to preach in a neighborhood little frequented by the ministry. Due notice was given, and a large company assembled. The service was to be held in a double log cabin with a porch in front. The men were gathered in one room, the women in the other, and the boys on the porch. The preacher stood in the door. As he proceeded, a couple of men in the congregation began to whisper, and at length spoke so loud that all the congregation could hear them; the theme of their discourse being a horse swap. The preacher paused and said that, as it was bad manners for more than one to speak at a time, if it were necessary for them to bring their trade to a conclusion on the spot, he would stop until they had finished. They were silent, and he resumed, when an officious old gentleman came bustling through the crowd with a split-bottomed chair raised high above his head, and placing it in front of the preacher, said: "I forgot you had no pulpit; here is one." The preacher began again, but was soon interrupted by the noise made by the boys in the porch quarreling. This was promptly quelled by the old gentleman's striding among the urchins, cuffing and boxing them soundly, and shouting, "Be still, you little savages, or I'll knock your heads off." Order restored, the preacher tried to go on again, but now there came a noise from the female side of the house. A boy, four or five years old, who was seated in his mother's lap, was engaged in earnest whispering with her. He said, "mammy, mammy," and she, "hush." At length he seemed to think that endurance had ceased to be a virtue, and bawled out, "I say, mammy, scratch my back." She, in fiery indignation, boxed his ears soundly; whereat, he set up a terrible yell. She rose, and dragging her promising offspring after her, forced her way among the auditors, rushed by the preacher in the door, and at once began the satisfactory operation of trouncing, she shouting "hush!" and he, "I won't—scratch my back!" This last attack was too much for the preacher's equanimity, and the excited state of his risibles obliged him to close the services on the instant.

A JOURNEY WITH FANCY CREEK MINISTERS.

My itinerating life was yet fresh when the two preachers from the Fancy Creek circuit visited one of our quarterly meetings; at its close they besought the presiding elder to lend me to them for a week's round, promising to deliver me safe and sound at his appointment the next Saturday. He assented, and away I trotted with my new-made friends. Our first stopping-place was at a house much like the one before described, where the senior preacher was to solemnize a marriage. * * * As we proceeded he told me I should have to preach that afternoon at 4 o'clock, and he turned a deaf ear to all my entreaties to be let off. Up to this time I had never taken a text, for all my exercises had been in the shape of exhortations, delivered after some more experienced person had expounded. My first sermon must be preached somewhere, and why not then and there? So it was delivered to half a dozen men in their shirt-sleeves, with the sweat of the plow on their brows, their teams left standing in the fields the while, and to as many women in sun-bonnets, whose knitting and pipes were laid aside when the hymn was given out. The rustle of the green leaves, stirred by the pleasant wind, the song of the birds, and the golden sunshine as it lay upon the puncheon floor on that cheerful summer afternoon, are remembered yet, and also that my first sermon was but fifteen minutes long.

The next day we reached a village consisting of a dozen or twenty houses. In the evening we attended an examination of the school; at the close of the exercises, one of my new friends mounted an empty barrel which stood in the corner of the room, and had been used as a seat, and called out in the old Norman form, "Oyez! Oyez! take notice that Brother Wm. Milburn will preach in the meeting house to-morrow night at early candle lighting." No sooner was the last word out of his mouth than the barrel head gave way, and the reverend clerk, falling to the earth, went, after the fashion of Regulus, rolling about among the legs of the audience, his desperate exertions to escape only making his plight the sadder and increasing the confusion.

MR. MILBURN'S FIRST SERMON.

The quarterly meeting was held at a private house, as was frequently the case, serving on such occasions the two fold purpose of chapel and hotel. It was a double log-cabin, with a door communicating between the two rooms, the women occupying one, the men the other, in both the uses to which the house was put. Seats for the congregation were provided by puncheon slabs resting on four legs. The young people who could not find access to the house would stand beneath the trees, or loll upon the grass. The congregation would come from fifteen to twenty miles around to enjoy the services. The exercises invariably began on Saturday at eleven o'clock, with a sermon from the presiding elder. In the afternoon the conference of official members was held; in the evening the most available preacher was "put up," in the language of the country, and after this sermon an exhortation was usually delivered by some one else.

On the Saturday night in question, after the sermon, the sonorous voice of my chief said, "William, exhort." The will of the presiding elder at these times is absolute, and obedience is one of the lessons enjoined upon young preachers. I had no resource but to stand up, frightened as I was almost to death, behind my split-bottomed chair, in lieu of a pulpit, in front of the huge fireplace, and attempted to speak, by the light of the smouldering embers, and one or two candles fast sinking to their sockets, to the crowd of hunters and farmers filling the cabin, who gaped and stared at a pallid, beardless boy. Of course words were few, ideas fewer, and on resuming my seat I had the uncomfortable impression that that congregation had listened to about as poor a discourse as ever was delivered. Such was my first attempt at preaching.

REMINISCENCES OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

Some of my readers will recollect the exquisite manner in which Mr. Webster used to relate the following: One night, before railroads were built, he was forced to make a journey by private conveyance from Baltimore to Washington. The man who drove the wagon was such an ill looking fellow, and told so many stories of robberies and murders, that before they had gone far Mr. Webster was somewhat alarmed. At last the wagon stopped in the midst of a dense wood, when the man, turning suddenly round to his passenger, exclaimed fiercely, "Now, sir, tell me who you are." Mr. Webster replied in a faltering voice, and ready to spring from the vehicle, "I am Daniel Webster, member of Congress from Massachusetts." "What!" rejoined the driver, grasping him warmly by the hand, "are you Webster? Thank God! thank God! You were such an ugly chap that I took you for a highwayman."

GROWING IN GRACE.

The bishop presiding at the conference was the victim of heart disease. Over his head the sword of Damocles hung ever suspended by a hair, the death's head was never absent from his banquet, and the dread of sudden death had discolored all his ideas of life. He was the morbid and sworn foe to everything like gaiety, and while not sour or sullen, yet his piety was weighty and lugubrious. It may well be imagined that such a chairman had trouble to keep in order a man like Peter Cartwright, with whom humor and drollery are as natural as to breathe. Brother Cartwright had the floor one day, and by his irresistible fun, set the conference in a roar. "Stop, brother Cartwright," said the bishop, "I cannot allow such sin to be committed among Methodist preachers when I have the charge of them. I read in the Bible, be angry and sin not, but I nowhere see laugh and sin not. Let us bow down and confess our offense. Brother Cartwright, lead in prayer." The backwoods preacher kneeled and repeated the Lord's prayer, and then rising, said: "Look here, Mr. Bishop, when I dig potatoes. I dig potatoes; when I hoe corn, I hoe corn; when I pray, I pray; and when I attend to business, I want to attend to business—I wish you did too, and I don't want you to take such snap judgment on me again."

"Brother," said the bishop, in a monitory tone, "Do you think you are growing in grace?" "Yes, bishop, I think I am—in spots." It is hardly necessary to add, that the bishop gave him up as incorrigible.

$200,00 IN PRIZES.

The Publishers of *The Times* propose giving $200,00 in prizes for the three best Original Stories, scenes laid in America, which may be received by them between this and the 15th of December.

For the best Story.....$100.00
For the second best..... 50.00
For the third best..... 50.00

These prizes will be awarded the 15th of December, if Stories are received to justify an award. The length of the stories, and the subjects, provided they are of a moral character, will be left to the discretion of the writer. Three impartial judges will make the awards, and to shun all appearance of collusion, manuscripts should be mailed to the publishers of *The Times*, marked "Prize Story," and the name of the writer should be sealed in a separate envelope.

COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Publishers of THE TIMES,
Greensboro', N. C., Sep. 13, 1859.

☞Our Exchanges will confer a favor upon us, and perhaps upon some of their patrons, by calling attention to the above.

GEORGIA, HER WEALTH AND LOW TAXES.—The Milledgeville "Federal Union" says:

"We learn that, in consequence of the large increased return of taxable property to the Comptroller General, the Governor and that officer have felt authorized to reduce the per cent. tax to six and a half cents on the one hundred dollars; this per cent. being considered sufficient to raise the annual tax of $375,000 required by law. The per cent. last year was seven and a half cents on the hundred dollars. The return of taxable property this year over last is about *sixty millions.*

"The State tax of Georgia at this time is indeed low, not being two-thirds of a mill on the dollar. Just think of it! Under our tax system a person owning $200 and under only pays a poll tax of 25 cents! And as others owning more than $200 are upon the same footing, a tax payer who owns $500 only pays a poll and property tax of 44½ cents; one owning $1,000 only pays 77 cents; one $5,000 only $3 37; one owning $10,000 only paying $6.62, and so on.

"Where is the State that beats Georgia for wealth and low taxes?"

POLITICS IN UTAH.—The "Gentiles" in Utah have held a convention and resolved against the polygamy, the union of church and State, and other institutions of Mormonism. They make the following nomination:

For delegate to Congress, Dr. Garland Hart; for the Legislature, Councilmen Wm. H. Lent and John Bigler; Representatives, S. C. Mills, J. M. Wallace and C. W. Crocker; sheriff, O. P. Thomas.

Mexican Difficulties.

Mr. McLane, our minister to Mexico, arrived in Washington the 11th inst., having left Vera Cruz on the 12th ult. Our government had previously granted him two months leave of absence.

Reliable accounts just received from Mexico, mention that Senor Fuenie, who held a cabinet office under President Comonfort's administration, has been appointed minister of foreign affairs, the duties of which were heretofore discharged by Senor Ocampo, who remains in charge of the Home Department under the constitutional government.

All our consuls, with the exception of Mr. Black at the city of Mexico, are everywhere officially recognized. The most friendly feelings are expressed by the Liberalists for the United States, from which they expect assistance in their struggle against the reactionists. Americans in Mexico, however, utter their surprise that so much indifference is manifested in this country towards the Liberal party, who continue to be enthusiastically animated by hopes of success—the immediate want of money alone crippling their energies. Notwithstanding this troops continue to be raised for operations against the city of Mexico.

Mr. McLane has returned without a treaty, but the matters in interest between the two countries are such as to leave no doubt of an early accommodation. If Senor Serde had been in Vera Cruz, it is probable, according to the accounts from that city, that a convention or treaty would have been concluded.

A GROWING CITY.—Nearly nine hundred buildings are going up, at the present time, in Brooklyn, N. Y., among which are fourteen churches, seven factories of different kinds, and nearly a dozen school-houses, making an addition of nearly seven millions of dollars to the taxable property of the city.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE DYING CHILD.

BY GEORGE G. SMALL.

There stood the home
By the shores of the river,
Where the white foam
'Neath the cypres shades quiver;
There lived a sire
In his grief, broken hearted,
Life's mouldering fire
Lived with those long departed.

Now the last blaze
Upon Life's broken altar,
Shed its lone rays
But in sickness to falter;
Child of his heart!—
By her low couch he seated,
Struggling to part,
While the death angel waited.

"Hold not despair,
To a bright home I'm winging
To hear when there
All thy heart's angels singing:—
Look father! see
You those bright forms descending!
Hope now for thee
With the dark past is blending.

"Soon shall I meet
With those loved, gone before me;
Joyously greet,
While a glory hangs o'er me:
Then do not weep
Nor at His ways yet murmur,
Though cold I sleep
I shall wake where 'tis summer.

"There, see that hand!
In its mildness extended,—
Mother! *thy* hand!—
Now my troubles are ended;—
Kiss me once more
Father, ere I must leave you,
If on that shore
We meet, this may not grieve you."

Then, as the red
From the westward was sweeping,
Her spirit fled
And in death she was sleeping;
And that lone sire
Ere a twelvemonth departed,
Joined with them there
As he died broken hearted!

Charlestown, Mass.

A FAMINE AMONG THE BEARS.—An unusually large number of bears have made their appearance in many sections of Virginia and Pennsylvania this season. The Rockingham (Va.) *Register* says:

There is said to be little or no mast in the mountains this season. The consequence is that bears are becoming exceedingly troublesome in the settlements. They have come down from their retreats in the mountains, and are playing sad havoc with corn fields, cattle and sheep. Mr. Senger, living near Mole Hill, in this county, had several cattle killed by the animals near Richlands, a few days ago. Mr. John Miller, living near Hoover's Mill, on the South Fork, in Pendleton county, also had a number of sheep—about half his flock—killed in the same way a short time since. They are also destroying the cornfields within their range. The fields of Messrs. David Gladwell and Peachy Gordon, three or four miles from Rawley Springs, show marks of the teeth of the half-starved bears coming down into the settlement.

FEMALE PURITY.—All the influence which women enjoy in society—their right to the exercise of that maternal care which forms the first and most indellible species of education; the wholesale restraint which they possess over the passion of mankind; their power of protecting us when young and cheering us when old, depend so entirely upon their personal purity, and the charm which it casts around them, that to insinuate a doubt of its real value is wilfully to remove the broadest corner stone on which civil society rests, with all its comforts.

N. P. Wills, in his play of "Tortesa the Usurer," makes one of the characters say that "ever since the flood water has had a taste of sinners," he therefore prefered wine. He probably obtained this droll idea from a German poet, whose lines we have seen thus translated:

"Then to the Lord old Noah said,
The water now tastes very bad;
Because there have been drowned therein
All beasts and mankind in their sin:
'Tis therefore, Lord even I think,
I would prefer some other drink.

A LOCK WITH THE KEYHOLE INSIDE.—The impossibility of rendering a strong box altogether safe against theft by means of skeleton keys, has led a locksmith in Frankfort-on-the-Main, to hit upon the ingenious idea of constructing a strong box without any keyhole at all, and which, even the owner himself, cannot open.—Why, what's the use of such a box? you will ask. But observe, inside is a clockwork, the hand of which the owner places at the hour and minute when he again wants to get into the box. The clockwork begins to move as soon as the lid is shut, and opens the lock from the inside at the moment which the hand of the clock indicates. Time, dependent upon the owner, is the key to the lock—a key which can neither be stolen from him nor imitated.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES

The Morning Smiles.

BY A. PERRY SPERRY.

The morning smiles, a soft refulgent light
Breaks over all,
And like a breeze lifts from the brow of night
Its gloomy pall.
The sun unbinds his wreath of golden hair,
The waves leap high,
And star-eyed flowers with many a perfumed prayer
Look to the sky.

The birds chant praises softly sweet and low,
The wind in glee
Strikes from its grand Æolian harp of pines
Sweet melody.
Awake, arouse, my soul join in the strain
Of praise and prayer,
Join hands with Nature and with God again
And worship here.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

NORMA HALTON'S JOURNAL FOR TWO YEARS.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

CHAPTER III.

SEPTEMBER, 17TH.

I SHALL be so glad to get into the school-room once more. This week vacation, has seemed an age, for I was disappointed about spending it at Uncle John Halton's, and I have not seen Mark in the time.

I experience a certain kind of enjoyment in the school-room because they are hours that I can be near something congenial, and watch him.—When anything beautiful is held forth in some science, the eye raises its appreciating glance to mine; that large full eye, coming up from study and thought, and liquid with beautiful meaning.

How his mind grasps at abstruse knowledge, and taking it from its height, lays it humbly down at mortal's feet. My aspirations were once high, but my abilities did not equal my ambition, but he will realize his most brilliant hope. I can see my own high soarings, circulating refined and softened through his soul. My spirit's true brother! I like his quiet ways.—I like the mute acknowledgement that spirit knows its kindred spirit.

SEPTEMBER, 20TH.

I am going to Glencoe to day, and there I shall see again Burke Ofton, he interests me deeply, now that I see him often. He is original, but when his conversation amuses and interests me most, he is sure to say something so cool and cutting, that I am annoyed; he is a man of no common order, and will make his mark yet in the world, for he is but twenty-four.

I was awakened last night from a light slumber, and I conceived that while I had been sleeping fairies had entered my apartment and thrown upon me their bewildering charms; for a vibration of the air, soft as a zephyr, was floating over my waking senses, I could see every object in the room else I should have believed myself wafted to some enchanted elysian of which I had often dreamed.

I arose and hastened to the window, to see if the spirit was visible that had tuned its gentle melodies in unison with my soul. The air was a hazy yellow and I cannot describe how perfectly beautiful the world around me was; it looked a fit place for the gushing of the spirit in harmonic strains; and there seated lowly on the soft grass beneath me sat my master-spirit. Were he improvising through his lute to me I do not know, but writing some quaint German things about the brother-land sister-hood of the soul, I wound it around some flowers and threw it at his feet, and when I had retired to rest a low, mild German melody breathed through the air o'er my ear, and on my brain; it was something of Goethe, spiritual and fine—And then, my scholar and his lute died from my imagination—for I slept.

JAN. 3, 185–

We met again at Uncle Johns, for Christmas. Cousin Jane and I spent the night previous there. When we came down into the old dining room in the morning, I could not help exclaiming, for an evergreen tree stood up stiff before me, reaching out its long branches which were laden with queer packages.

This was a practice that had been long followed at Uncle John's. He always gave a Christmas dinner for his relatives, which included about half a dozen families. The presents they had destined to make were sent in to Aunt Dora—who is of Sweedish origin, I think, at least the practice is instituted by her—and she arranges the packages on the Christmas Tree.

We dined late, and had ample time to select our presents, before the tables were laid, which we selected in this manner.—We were all seated around the long hall, and were then called out in pairs by Aunt Dora, to examine the tree. And the packages which were addressed to the person, for whom they were intended—were opened and examined before all. Cousin Burke and I were called up last. I had more parcels than any other person, and next to me was little Mary Halton whose hip troubles her so that she is unable to go out. It seemed that every one had thought of me. The presents were simple things—for they were not intended to please with their costliness, but to touch the heart by their simple, homelike influence. There were queer mottoes attached to most of them, sone intended as warnings others to excite mirth. Tommy Wynne who is indolent and can be induced by no incentive to improve his time in school, had an ivory rod imprinted with a German proverb. *Eer vliegende kraai vangt altijd wat.* I had a little box of green morrocco, with one end of a slip of paper shut in, on which was the simple French motto—*Plus je vous connais, plus je vous aime.* The box contained an emery cushion of velvet, but I prized it for the talisman attached, more than every other testimonial addressed to me. It was as if the simplest means were taken to apprise me of much affection.

I felt grieved that I had not been acquainted with this practic in order to have contributed to the general anjoyment, but then I saw that it was intended as a pleasant surprise for me, and when I had examined the last mysterious parcel and all the *souvenirs* of regard and kindness were around me, I felt oppressed, as it were with the weight of consideration and love which is quite new to me, and laying my face in my hands I burst into tears. Several joined me, for sympathy is strong, and others dashing the moisture from their eyes, soon surrounded me, some singing droll Christmas rhymes, and two of them raising the seat on which I sat, carried me into a deep bay window, and bade me carol a gay waltz, "for they were very giddy and would fain whirl in the dance."

I know they thought it foolish in me to cry, but they soon dissipated my tears and set me to laughing with their odd maneuvers.

In the evening the whole house was light and pleasant, and I was very happy for I feel such a repose with my frinds here, in their gentle goodness of heart.

Uncle John managed to appropriate much of my time during the evening to himself, though I was continually demanded, and led off from where he thought he had secured me. He is ever reverting to my past life. He has many a twinge of conscience, he says, lest I may not have been as happy at Aunt Mary Glenn's, as he could have made me. Was my Aunt quite a mother to me he questioned again and again; I replied that I did not know, for I had never known a mother's love but I thought not—for in childhood I had experienced a vague longing for a gentle, guiding tenderness which had never been satisfied. But, that she was usually kind to me; and though I felt that she loved best her own children, it was only natural and what I could not condemn. I had been usually a quiet child, and studious which had made me, among others, friends; but that she had approved me most, when I had given up to wild romping moods. That she praised me often, but had condemned in me that pride, which she said was the strongest element in my nature—overmastering affection—and which she avers—to me it seems with triumph—will one day pronounce me a fearful doom. But I as often tell her that the strongest pride nourishes the deepest affection; that it carries me over all my little human weaknesses clear and dry, and enables me to look at myself with respect and endurance.

"Was I indebted to my Aunt in pecuniary matters," he enquired in a quick nervous way, as if he would cancel every sou without a moments delay, just as though it were a stain on his honor to allow his brother's child to remain *endette*, even to her own friends. And I was very happy to be able to answer, "no." That I had compelled her, within the past year, to appropriate a sum which would cancel every expense that I had been to them. That she had called it exorbitant and was not pleased with its reception,—for my aunt was quite rich, I said—and thus I had managed to live independently enough, except the care and trouble I must have been to her, which I was sure I could never repay. I had something yet left me, I went on to say, for I knew that he was interested in my recital—enough, that I could live quite respectably without teaching, but I liked employment, and desired to be occupied. "Had I liked the town in which I lived. Had it never seemed dull to me. And had I not desired to live in larger places, to see more of life, and have a larger scope for improvement?" Yes, I liked Hamden, and had no wish to become the dweller of a great city, and as for improvement, Aunt Mary had a good governess and good instructors in every department we desired to enter. But that I had sometimes a certain, wild longing for the sunshine and summer of a more southern clime; where it seemed to me that every heart must pulsate with warm affection, and where—orphan though I was—I felt sure I could make me friends so true that the void in my soul would be quite filled, and my way would no longer lead over barren sands.

Burke had come in, and had been listening attentively to what I was saying, and when I had done speaking he glided forward and seated himself on a stool at my feet, saying in a gentle voice while his manner was as subdued and gentle—"you are my good angel, Norma; just as I had thought you before we met. There is not another person in the whole, wide world that could satisfy me in every particular, like you. You are right, the South is the land for you and me. We will take with us Uncle and Aunt Halton, and we will sit down among the voluptuous flowers of Florida. You shall be my inspiration, and the world afar shall applaud:—but its noisy echoes shall not grate too harshly in our Aideen—our home." And giving me his arm, we went out like two friends—as we are I trust, and joined our cousins in their simple pastimes. A moment later he had forgotten his words, I am sure, for he is impulsive, and often speaks without reflection—but I shall never forget the magic of their effect.

CHAPTER IV.

JANUARY 30TH.

THE winter, so far, has passed strangely with me. It has been a season rich in enjoyment. I have felt life to the very quick. I have lived every hour, every minute. Not a day eked out dully or slow. I have knelt down each night to thank God—not for the formsake—but because my heart was running over as it were, with blessing. There has been more fulness in the last three months, than I have known before in the twenty years of my past meagre existence. How plain and poor that score of years looks to me now. What hopes made them beautiful or bright—or what sympathy shone into my soul to strengthen it? There was only to beautify my life-aspirations too wild for the indulgence of even the shadow of a hope, that they might one day be realized. But for a time the world has wagged on with me in a clear orbit—approaching each day nearer my two fixed stars, showing their light clearer, shining with some new glory.

But for a few days back, I have known unrest. There has been a startling, strange wavering in the deep enjoyment of the soul. This season of uninterrupted happiness is more than was ever vouchsafed me. There is a blow coming—its dark shadow is cast long before it; but I am not prepared for that stroke.

A scholar came in this morning, and laying his satchel of books down heavily on the desk before him, commenced telling his neighbor, in excited tones, of some one's sudden illness. His manner created curiosity, and one of the girls enquired what he was relating. He replied, that Mark Landon had that morning been bleeding at the lungs. It was very sudden, and they all seemed horror struck, (for I learn it proves fatal here) and some of the girls cried, for the scholars all love Mark. I was obliged to commence at the moment the order of the school exercises; but how insipid each recitation and how dry; and how for the first time dragged the hours of school. It was as if the sun had been suddenly hurled from the system, and left the planets to grope on their way without light. If he were but a brother, that I might go to him, to soothe his sorrows and ease his pillow!

It has wakened me from a splendid dream. I see plainly where I stand. I have been floating on sunbeams long. A dismal night was coming that was to drop one to the dark, hard earth. What have been my pleasures but gilded fancies—for human enjoyment depends on human love; and who of my stranger friends feel that sentiment for me? I am new and piquant, and they are pleased with me. I am an orphan and they are kind to me. But one among them that could take me by the hand as a friend and sister, and would give me counsel and sympathy through my journey of life, be it ever so rough and long, will have soon closed his eyes in rigid slumber.

I tremble fearfully at the weary duties and trials of the days before me. Where is my boasted pride?—I have turned coward, and tremble fearfully at my own weak fears!

FEBRUARY 26TH.

Mark came to school yesterday. He took his old seat at his desk, for I have not allowed it to be desecrated by appropriating it to any other scholar. He looked at every thing around him and at every scholar, as though the sight were as healing ointment to an impaired vision.

I came over to him soon, and lifting the masses of black hair from his pale forehead, said, we were all so happy that the school-room was again made bright by his presence. And he answered that he had pined to breathe the air of its close walls again, for every inspiration was pregnant with beautiful, inspiring thoughts; that he had grown dull since he had left it, but that now his happiness was shining radiant upon him with a pure clear flow.

I asked—"would he come in and sit with us awhile daily within the walls of our Temple?" "He feared not—he had stolen away to visit us then—for they were keeping him very still and close; but he was sure he should feel better for it. But he was quite weak, and as time drew on he should have less strength.—Would not the teachers—would not Miss Halton and the scholars, come in to see him, and if he could not speak with them he could at least listen?" There was emotion among the scholars at his words, and some of the scholars sobbed out.

"He was very weak!" he had said,—I stood off to notice the effect on his physical frame. He had grown thin rapidly, and his dark hair gave his pale face a deathly hue; and his eyes were more open than usual, and the pupils expanded.—There was an expression in the eye, a stamp on that face, that sent a blank conviction to my mind and heart. He was watching eagerly the result of my strange examination, and I turned away quickly lest my face might express too vividly my thoughts. There was a sharp pain in my breast, and I could have cried out, but I must not—and when I had walked across the room, I came back looking very pale and blank, Mark said—but he smiled like one who had had the same vision staring him in the face many days.

He arose to go, and again every object was looked upon by a melancholy eye.—The scholars rose as he neared the door, and I could have taken each by the hand and thanked them kindly for their acknowledgement in this way of his superiority, and their sympathy for his mute knowledge of his doom.

MARCH 8TH.

Mark sent for me last night, "would I come and sit by his side a half-hour with his mother, and talk to him, if I would or read to him if I preferred."

I was only too glad to go. He was looking fine and spiritual, with a delicate glow on his check, and a wondrous glow blazing from out his strange eyes. I sat down and talked with him long, striving to speak cheerfully, and I left him looking quite happy, promising to look in upon him every night.

MARCH 20TH.

Burke Ofton, came last night. I am always glad to see him, but I had promised to go down and read to Mark; and I asked Burke. would he go out with me to call on a sick friend,—whereupon he established himself on the *fauteuil* at my feet, and said that Mark Landon was hard sick, sick bodily, but that he was soul sick and would like me to prescribe with my refreshing presence and gentlest words.

"I have come a long way to see you, to night, cousin Norma, to see you alone, for I am weary to night of every other human thing,—and I have longed for your presence just as Hagar longed for the delicious pool on the sterile waste."

"Who has promised—'come unto me in the hour of trouble and I will not be far off;" I enquired.

"And he never gives a vain promise," he said, "for he comforts me through you, Norma Halton. Most women are gentle, affectionate and kind and one feels soothed and benefitted by companionship with them; yet they are similar and their affections make them weak. But you, Norma, your conversation never becomes stale, or influence weak. You do not know it probably—for you have passed a secluded life, but that life has more crowded into it than is contained in the life of a hundred other women. You have suffered much, and have debated and willed, and used much philosophy, and conquered in the end, and deeming that any other girl would have done just so, you do not know your own worth and strength. Well, I like that little self-willed spirit of yours, standing up fierce and proud, an advocate undaunted for what it respects and loves. I would fain be an object to share a part of your affection, it would seem grateful to me to be remembered by you often when I am away. It would make me proud, Norma, and give me an impulse to travel more carefully and thankfully on the road of life. I think you were sent to me by an act of Providence—you think that you came here to find friends, to labor and make some use of life—but I think differently, I could not go to you for I had no business to lead me to Hamden, and so you were directed hither."

I could but laugh at his strange reasoning, and though I could not help seeing his error and infatuation—I was more pleased with his strange praise than I chose to tell. And I laid aside all thought of duty, and strove to please. But it was not a task to do my best attempts, for his presence and conversation contained incentive for endeavor. His soul was only sick for sympathy, and gentle cheering words, for he is like me—an orphan—and his way must sometimes look very hopeless.

But where was Mark? He had watched my coming anxiously, I do not doubt, and had closed his eyes unsatisfied, to rest.

The next evening will find me beside him, and I will minister to him all the balm my soul's poverty can yield, and render his passing hours as cheering as may be, for the way before him must look appalling when he looks at the splendid prospects his glorious talents held out to him on this side the dark river. I would that I could yield up my life for his, I would do so, oh, how thankfully! For his life might be full and useful, mine must be meagre and mean. To me it is a burden—to him it were a boon rich and glorious. I do not see the wisdom of the dispensation—but "He doeth all things well."

CHAPTER V.

MAY 15TH.

I HAVE passed through much suffering since last I sat down to commune with my little friend—my faithful journal. I have passed many hours, not employed in school, with my dying friend. For Mark is dead now. I was so glad to contribute to his ease or minister balm to his regrets.

He spoke freely of his approaching dissolution, and made me strange revelations of his soul's future abiding place, for many days his spirit looked clear beyond the 'valley and the shadow of death,' and it wavered and struggled for a quicker release.

I was always welcome there and often wished for, when I could not go. He was at first unwilling to yield—to lay aside the high hopes that had led him through the dim years of trial he had struggled through. But he at last laid them at the foot of the cross on which one had made an offering of his own blood for him. He could give up everything for the suffering Christ, he said. And though I had spoken comfort to him from the sacred pages, and prayed fervently for this peace of mind to come, I could not give him up—it was as if my only brother and living friend was going afar from me to leave me uncared for in a shadowed land. And he said that it was my spirit's bonds that were fettering him here, and that my life had infused some of its own strength into his, and kept him lingering here for many a day. He had grown slender and attenuated, and his eyes looked out of great caverns, as though his soul rested in the orbs—and it seemed that a spirit was with me, clear-sighted and pure, and as a spirit, I spoke with him.

He looked so grand and magnificent the last night I saw him, for his spirit was poising its wings for an upward flight. I could almost see the death angel hovering over him, with his hand raised to unbar the prison door, and let the soul forth into the outward light. And going up to him, I said, "I have found in you the ethereal essence of friendship, so minute and delicate that it satisfied me. I have no one else to esteem me, Mark; and when your life goes out, there will be no one that will care to render mine beautiful by sympathy and love."

It was my spirit speaking to his, and to mine his made reply, "your soul's sisterhood answers to the finest fibre of my existence, Norma. It is our souls that are similar and congenial—and there is only a feeble barrier to their fellowship. Life is not long and the years will soon eke out when we shall meet again"

An hour later, my pupil, my favorite scholar died! Died peacefully—gave up his breath gently as though he were grateful that one had called on him to yield it up. He spoke of the school-room that had been the scene of his pleasant toil and inspired happiness. The good and happy scholars that he loved so much, he had kind words for, and gentle wishes.—Would they think of him sometimes in the class and miss his voice there, for it was not pleasant to be quite forgot! He asked, were the fields looking green and smiling this May. And was there a low whispering in the woods and a gurgling in their streams, that told the heart wild, beautiful things of life and the future! but they were poor falsehoods to lure us to love a vain world. Far dearer to him was the little chamber in which he lay, for there he had learned to lay low his false ambition. That here the spirits of the blest had murmured, to him day and night of a world of more perfect happiness and unchanging bliss, and there were hanging over him now with mute voices and hushed wings, glad rejoicing spirits soon to waft him away!

He bade his mother be comforted, and said the Lord would provide for her wants, but that she would soon go hence. And the world he was leaving behind him, might it impress all its children with its beauty, and with the thought of how much they might benefit each other in it, and he prayed that men might be less selfish and more kind! "And you, my teacher, my sister and friend! I am going on a pleasant journey. Do not think that the way before me is long or dark, I see my path clear and bright, and if permitted, my spirit shall be ever near you to guide and counsel!" I caught the last look as the spirit left the body, for it looked forth strangely from the eye. There was in the pupil of that organ a light—a glimmer in a liquid sea—perfectly beautiful in expression, if I may call it expression, and then the soul escaped with a brilliant flash, and Mark Landon, to this world, was dead!

I am not happy that my scholar has left thus early, the cares and sorrows of this life, for I am selfish and want his gentle influence around me.

People may say the Dead look peaceful and happy, I cannot see why. It is only a cast off garment, the soul no longer throws expression on the features, and the look is blank and cold. This looked to me as though the angel of Death had come to Mark, and with a relentless hand, had aimed a blow prostrating him; but this was not enough, he had frozen with his cold breath, all the life out of him, and with harsh fingers had shut down the

lids of the soul; had torn that soul with a mighty effort from its peaceful resting place, and had laid a grim smile on the wreck he had accomplished!

My duties in school drag heavily, for what have I to inspire me there. If a scholar acquits himself admirably, I turn away, thinking how magnificently Mark would have mastered more difficult things. If a bright eye is raised to mine for approval, I mind me of a glorious orb that sought mine daily for appreciation and regard.

I shall remain in school until the close of this term. I will then return to Hamden, for I am weary with toil, and no one really loves me here. But there I have a home and a right—and there I will get rest and thought.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

TERMS—$2.00 a year in advance.

☞ No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for. ☜

☞ Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

The Feet—Their Covering.

Our own experience and observation have taught us long ago that thin shoes and exposed feet were the cause of much sickness and loss of life. But we dared not give our opinion, not being an M. D., without running a very great risk of seeing it totally disregarded.—At last, however, we have confirming testimony from high medical authority—the Atlanta *Medical and Literary Weekly*—and we hope the ladies particularly will give due heed to its kind monitary counsel:

Serious and fatal diseases not unfrequently result from insufficient attention to the protection of the feet.—Though remote from the great central organs of the circulation, the feet hold an important influence over the equal distribution of blood to the system, and when the blood vessels distributed to them are contracted by cold, the blood is necessarily forced from them upon the vital organs; the one most susceptible becoming the seat of derangement. Hence from cold or wet feet, we may have headache, catarrh, pneumonia, consumption, pleurisy, bronchitis, &c. It is mostly among the female sex we meet with diseases and ill-health from these causes. Men generally go well shod, but woman, fearful of appearing a little coarse about their tiny little feet, dress them in the thinnest, lightest material that can be made to stick together. Whether winter or summer, rain, hail or shine, their feet must be thus thinly and delicately clothed, that it may ever be said: "Oh, what a beautiful *little* foot!" Now we are not silly enough to deny liking a pretty foot, but must express our superior admiration for a well balanced brain, whereby one is able to decide when a *thin* shoe and when a *thick* one looks best upon the street. Women, from their delicate organizations, suffer much from their silly fashion of dressing the feet. For the parlor, thin shoes are, of course, appropriate—but the streets, which are always more or less damp, the shoes, and especially the bottoms, should be thick.

San Juan Difficulty.

Lieut. Gen. Scott sailed on Tuesday, 20th inst., as we learn from a special dispatch to the Baltimore *Sun*, for the seat of difficulties on our northwestern boundaries. He is to be accompanied by Adjutant Gen. Thomas, Lieut. Col. G. W Lay and Assistant Surgeon Charles H Crane. Upon his arrival at San Francisco he is to be taken on to his destination by special steamer, unless the regular one for carrying the mails is ready to depart.—The General is also empowered to control the movements of mail steamers after reaching the Strait or Gulf of Georgia.

The President has said that our right to the Island of San Juan is clear, but the Senate rarely presses extreme claims at the hazard of war. Hence Gen. Scott's hands are not probably tied up with instructions, but, in the hope of a pacific solution, or with a view to deferring a decision, a large margin of discretion will doubtless be given.

Senator Douglas.

Senator Douglas has recently made a tour through some of the North-western States, on his route from Washington to attend the National Fair at Chicago, on which occasion he was to deliver the annual address. There was much enthusiasm along the entire route of Mr. Douglas, and we give as a specimen, the reception at Cincinnati:

Senator Douglas arrived here at half-past six in the evening, by the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad. He was received at the depot by from 4,000 to 5,000 persons, amid cheers, the music of bands, and the firing of cannon. No reception speech was made as no time was to be lost. He was escorted to a carriage drawn by four horses, preceeded by two bands of music, and taken to the Burnet House, a number of carriages and persons on horseback following in procession. The side walks and streets were thronged as he proceeded through Fourth and Sixth streets, and cheer after cheer from thousands welcomed the Little Giant as he passed. A little after eight o'clock he began speaking in the Court street market space, where at the hour of dusk, thousands had assembled and with bonfires and fireworks awaited the coming of the celebrated Senator.

When Mr. Douglas made his appearance he was greeted with immense applause, and some minutes elapsed before he could be heard. At this time not less than eighteen to twenty thousand people, it is estimated, were on the ground, the centre square being densely packed.

Though suffering with a bad cold, Mr. Douglas proceeded to address the meeting.

North Carolina Agricultural Fair.

The Executive Committee of the North Carolina Agricultural Society will please accept our thanks for a complimentary ticket admitting us to all the privileges of the Society at its next annual meeting. We sincerely wish our farmers and mechanics would take an increased interest in the Fair. It is to them the good is to result, and it is upon them that the good depends. They should as many as can have something on exhibition; others who cannot furnish any thing in this way, should lend their presence, and again those who cannot go, would do well to join the Society, and thereby aid in giving the requisite funds for the successful management of the Fair, that they may be an honor to the State, and to her good and honest citizens. And by all means every visitor should join the Society, for in their private meetings, as much useful information is given as can be gained on the Fair Grounds. The *Warrenton News* sums up the following just remarks:

The Seventh Annual Fair will be held in Raleigh on the 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st of October next. Every branch of our domestic productions and manufacturers have been noticed, and liberal premiums offered for the first and second best specimens of each kind. Ornamental works, which employ the leisure hours of the ladies have not been forgotten, nor the various preserves, pickels, &c., which are the boast and pride of good housekeepers. Premiums from two to six dollars will reward the successful exhibitor.

A sum of $20 is offered for an essay on Tobacco culture, cost and profits of cultivation, and comparative effect, on production, from different distances of planting, modes of priming, topping, &c., comprising at least three different experiments.

Best crop of Tobacco, combining quantity and quality, not less than 50,000 hills, samples of not less than 2lbs. of 1st, 2nd and 3rd qualities, to be furnished the Committee by the 1st Monday in July 1860, a sum of $50.

Best 16,000 hills Tobacco, with same conditions, a sum of $25.

It may be necessary to state that all exhibitors competing for the premiums must *previously become members of the Society*, and have the articles they propose to exhibit at the Secretary's office, in the Fair Ground, at or before 5 o'clock on the evening of Monday, 16th. inst.

Col. David outlaw, of Bertie will deliver the Annual address, and we believe a better selection could not be made.

PRIVATE CORNER.

We acknowledge letters and cont ribu tions from Geo. W. Cothran, Miss S. J. C. Whittlesey, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney; Md'm LeVert, Matilda, Finley Johnson, E. M. Allen, J. R. Walker, Grace Millwood, Mabel Lansing, &c., &c.

OUR GOSSIP:—We are at a loss to account for the non-arrival of the Gossip, and confess an uneasiness for the welfare of the editor.

SUSPENSION OF PUBLISHERS.—The Boston publishing house of Phillips, Sampson & Co. were obliged to suspend payment on Saturday.

The *Courier*, in noticing this suspension, states that the "*Atlantic Monthly* load" was one of the causes of their embarrasment. This, however, is denied, "on authority," and it is stated that the *Atlantic* has not only paid its expenses, but a very handsome profit over its cost. The suspension grew out of unfortunate circumstances, well known to the trade, which produced a lack of confidence in the stability of the house.

MARRIED.

In the Methodist E. Church, Greensboro, N. C., Monday morning, September 19th, by Rev. Turner M. Jones, Rev. MARQUIS L. WOOD. of the North Carolina Conference, and Missionary to China, and Miss ELLEN E. MORPHIS, of Greensboro Female College.

New Advertisements.

Rates of Advertising.

The Times is one of the best mediums for advertising in the South, but only a few select advertisements will be inserted. One square of ten lines [or 100 words] for one week $1.00; for each additional week fifty cents. In favor of standing advertisements we make the following liberal deductions:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR
One square,	$ 5.00	$ 7.00	$12.00
Two squares,	9.00	14.00	22.00
Three "	12.00	18.00	30.00
Half column	20.00	30.00	50.00
One column	34.00	50.00	80.00

Professional and business Cards, not exceeding five lines—per annum, ...$5.00

EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENTS!

$2,500 IN PREMIUMS!

"EVERY FAMILY SHOULD READ IT!"

THE TIMES

The Largest! Cheapest! Best!

ILLUSTRATED SOUTHERN FAMILY PAPER!

Terms:—$2. *A Year in Advance.*

THE TIMES commenced its 4th Volume 1st January, 1859, enlarged to EIGHT PAGES, every number Illustrated, and printed on an article of fine paper with new Press and Type, thus making it the largest and neatest paper published in the SOUTH. The friends o. the South should encourage their own Literary and Family Papers, for in THE TIMES they will find none of that impure and immoral reading which they sometimes get from abroad, and which is so injurious to the Family Circle. And we are glad to have it in our power to say friends are rapidly increasing in all the Southern States, who are laboring to give THE TIMES that circulation which the importance of its position demands. THE TIMES is neither Political nor Sectarian, but it is the constant aim of the Editors to fill its 40 columns with the choicest Historical, Literary and Family reading, and with a good selection of all the news of the day, both foreign and domestic.

THE FIFTH VOLUME of THE TIMES commences with the New Year, 1860. Engagements have been made to make this volume by far the most brilliant in the history of THE TIMES. It will commence with

Three Prize Stories Costing $200,

being the three best stories written and put in competition by the writers North and South. Its shorter contributions also will receive additional attention; its Illustrations will be increased; and its typographical appearance will be improved by a still neater dress. The Publishers are determined to keep pace with the improvements of the age: their motto is "PROGRESSION," and as the circulation of THE TIMES enlarges each year, they are determined to add new attractions to its columns. And now with these promises for the New Volume, the Publishers confidently expect a very large increase in its circulation. They make an appeal to their old friends and subscribers, and to those who have heretofore withheld their patronage.

THE TIMES is intended to be read in every Family. Now, friends, let us see what can be done towards this before the beginning of the New Volume. As an additional incentive to this effort we offer the following

BRILLIANT INDUCEMENTS!

To every person sending us five subscribers, we will send a copy of THE TIMES one year *gratis*; and for every additional five subscribers, we will send any $3.00 Magazine, or give $2.00 in cash. These Premiums will be paid to every person sending the subscribers, immediately on the receipt of the names. (Those preferring the $2.00 for each five subscribers, can retain that amount from the remittance.) This proposition applies to both old and new subscribers.

Extra $500 in Money.

In addition to the above Premiums, we will award, on the first day of January, $500 in cash to the 14 persons sending us the largest number of subscribers, provided our friends will so labor as to give us 5000 names by that date. Distributed over all the Southern States, this will be exceedingly easy with a little effort. Who will make an effort to get the following

SPLENDID PREMIUMS:

For the largest list $100		$100
For the next largest list 75		75
For the two next largest lists.....50	each	100
For the five next largest lists.....25	each	125
For the five next largest lists.....20	each	100

Subscribers' names can be sent as obtained, and persons competing for these Premiums, must inform us so that we may keep correct accounts. Specimen numbers and circulars furnished on application.

Address COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Sept. 19, 1859. Greensboro, N. C.

NEW FIRM.

PORTER & GORRELL, Successors to
T. J. Patrick,
Wholesale and Retail
DRUGGISTS.
Greensboro, N. C. [1—1y]

LOOK AT THIS.

W. C. DONNELL having purchased the Photographic Gallery, formerly owned by R. L. Donnell, is taking pictures at

Fifty Cents

and upwards!!

Having just received a large and well assorted variety of cases, he respectfully invites the Public generally to call and examine specimens and give him a trial, and if he does not please he makes NO CHARGE.

Room second Story Garrett's Brick Building, West Market, Greensboro, N. C.
Greensboro, 1859. 38–1y.

OXYGENATED BITTERS.

Letter from Rev. C. W. Denison.

Boston, June 6, 1854. Gentlemen,—Having suffered considerably from Dyspepsia, in consequence of close confinement to my duties on ship-board, during a recent voyage to and from the Pacific coast, I was induced by the advice of a friend, to try a bottle of your Oxygenated Bitters.

I must frankly say, that the effect thus far has been highly favorable. Mrs. Denison has also been an invalid from a Chronic Pleurisy, arising from Dyspepsia, and has experienced great relief from the use of the Bitters. I feel a real pleasure in recommending them to the public. C. W. DENISON.

Seth W. Fowle & Co., Boston, Proprietors. Sold by their agents every where.

GENTLEMENS' FURNISHING STORE.—We are now receiving our stock of Fall and Winter goods, embracing every thing in our line of business our Stock of *Ready Made Clothing* is complete and carefully selected, every Garment is warranted to be well made and of good material. We have also a large assortment of Cloths, Casimeres and Vestings which were selected with great care to suit the wants and purses of all classes and which we will make up in a superior manner and in a style to suit the most fastidious taste. A call from the public is most respectfully solicited. We take pleasure in showing our goods, feeling confident that they will recommend themselves upon inspection.

EFLAND & KIRKPATRICK.
Greensboro, Sept., 1859. 38–1y.

MARBLE WORKS

By GEORGE HEINRICH, Manufacture of Monuments, Tombs, Head-Stones, &c., at reduced prices, near the Depot, Greensboro, N. C,

☞ Orders from a distance promptly filled.
February, 1858. 110:1y

BELTS! BELTS!! BELTS!!!

I INTEND KEEPING INDIA-RUBBER Belts, all sizes, for sale. Below is a list of prices.

2	inch	3 ply	12½	cts. per	foot.
2½	"	"	15	" "	"
3	"	"	17	" "	"
4	"	"	22	" "	"
5	"	"	27	" "	"
6	"	"	32	" "	"
7	"	"	38	" "	"
8	"	"	42	" "	"
10	"	"	60	" "	"
12	"	"	72	" "	"

J. B. F. BOONE.

A FRIENDLY BUT EARNEST request—those owing us

Accounts due 1st January, 1859, will please call and settle the same *immediately*. No interest will be charged on accounts due 1st July, 1859, if paid on or before 1st October.

COLE & AMIS.

FAIR NOTICE.—Those indebted to the late firm of E. W. Ogburn, & Co., by Note or Account must settle up by the first of September, or their accounts will be placed in the hands of an Officer for collection.

J. W. DOAK, *Surv. Partner.*
Aug. 8th 1859. 32–tf.

LIQUORS:—WHISKIES, Brandies, Wines, Gin, Porter, Ale, Lager Beer, and Cider Royal of warranted qualities, wholesale and retail, at the old stand of Rankin & McLean, by W. S. CLARK.
Greensboro, Jan. 1. 1859.

AN AGENCY FOR THE SALE OF

WM. KNABE & Co's CELEBRATED PIANOS.
Established in Wilmington, N. C.

HAVING SECURED THE AGENCY FOR the sale of the above unrivalled instruments, we invite the attention of all who may want a FIRST CLASS PIANO (and no other is worth buying) to the fact, and respectfully solicit the most intelligent and critical examination of the instruments now on exhibition. These Pianos have secured more Premiums than any other manufacture. They are fully endorsed by such names in the musical world as Thalberg, Strakosh, Satter, Vieuxtempts, beside the most distinguished Professors and Amateurs in the country.

There are hundreds of families in North Carolina where these Pianos are used. We name a few out of Wilmington: Hon. L. O'B. Branch, S. W. Cole, Esq., Gen. G. M. Leach., Carolina Female College, Salem Academy, Rev. R. Burwell, Hillsboro', Rev. T. Campbell, Salisbury, Professor Woolie of Greensboro Female College &c., &c.

In Wilmington we refer to the following gentlemen who have Knabe's Pianos in use: Geo. Myers, Esq., F. D. Poisson, Esq., Griffith J. McRee, Esq., and others. We deliver these Pianos in Wilmington at the published rates of the Manufacturers. Every instrument has the full iron frame, and is fully warranted.

One thing we wish distinctly understood, ☞ They have never failed to secure the HIGHEST PREMIUMS, whenever brought in competition with others!

Pianos now in store, just received, and can be delivered immediately, by

GEO. H. KELLEY,
(jy. 30-1y) Agent for Wm. Knabe & Co.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—I desire to sell my House and Lot, situated in a desirable place in Greensboro.

Terms reasonable. Enquire immediately of
Aug. 20—tf GEORGE M. ADAMS.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, Sep. 21
Reported expressly for the Times
By Cole & Amis.

Bacon 12@15; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 25; Butter 15 @; Coffee 14a15, Candles, Tallow 20 @25, Adamantine 28@30, Sperm 40@45; Corn 0@1.00 Meal 0@1.00; Chickens 10 @15; Eggs 6a8; Feathers 40; Flour 5.00@6.00 Flaxseed 0.80; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50@00; Lard 12½@15; Molasses 35@40; Nails 6@7; Oats 35; Peas, yellow 75@00, white 75@1.00; Pork 8.00@8.50; Rags 2½@; Rice 8@00; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12½, loaf 15, crushed 15, clarified 15; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 80@1.00; Wool 25@30.

NORFOLK MARKET, Sep. 18.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Flour, Fam'y	$6.75a0.00	*Flaxseed*, ...	1.45
Extra.....	5.75a6.25	*Beeswax*, ...	33
Superfine..	5.75	*Dried Apples*, ₩ bu. of 28lbs...	1.37
Corn, Mixed	a W.76.a78	" *Peaches*, 40lbs. ₩ bu.....4.00a4.50	
Yellow.....	78	*Bacon*, W. sho'ld	8½
Wheat, White	1 00a1.25	do. Sides	10½a11
Red.....	90a112	N. C. & Va. Hog round,	10a11
Cotton, ...	11½a12½	*Staves*, R.O. hhd	31a32
Peas, Black Eye	1.25	W.O. pipe.	50
Red & Black	70a75	do hhd	40
Lard, N.C. & V. no. 1	13	do bbl.	28
do do 2...	12½		
Fish, Mackerel	1. 12.50		
do No	2. 11.00		
do	3. 10.00		

REMARKS.

RICHMOND MARKET.—Sep. 18th 1859.
Reported weekly for The Times, by Dickenson & Cole, Forwarding and Commission Merchants.

Bacon, Shoulders,	8a8½	*Corn*, in demand	1a1.5
Sides,.....	10a10½	*Cotton*,.....	12a13
Hams,.....	12a12½	*Cotton Yarns*,.....	23a25
Coffee, Rio, ...	11a12½	*Flour*, ...	$7a8
Java,.....	 17	*Guano*, Peruvian,.....	$58a60
Mocha, ...	18	Elide,.....	45
Molasses,, Cuba,	28a30	*Tobacco*, Lugs,...	3½a5½
Syrup,.....	30a33	Good, ...	6a7½
N. O.,.	40a45	Leaf,.....	7a9
Wheat, White,	175a185	Good and fine,..	9a15
Red, ...	1.50a160		

Professional Cards.

GEO. W. COTHRAN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR, at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y.
105–tf.

CALEB G. DUNN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR at Law, **80 Nassau St. New York.**
☞ Will promptly and faithfully attend to business entrusted to his care. Particular attention paid to the collections of claims.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT.
J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C.
1–1y.

J. W. EVANS'
NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street, Richmond, Va.
Subscriptions received for the Times.

GEORGE T. WHITE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CITY OF JEFFERSON, MISSOURI
Will attend the different COURTS held at the Capital, and in the adjoining counties.

Also, to the collection of debts, and persons who wish to have investments made in the West, may be assured, that his long acquaintance here, would enable him to make selections greatly to their advantage.

JACOB T. BROWN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HIGH POINT, N. C.,
☞ Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111:1y

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 53–1y.

JAMES S. PATTERSON,
PRACTICAL DESIGNER AND ENGRAVER ON WOOD. No. 1 Spruce Street, opposite city hall, New York.
Country orders carefully attended to.
Feb. 1859. 6–1y

WASHINGTON HOTEL.
Change of Proprietors.

Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F. JONES, Proprietor.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the travelling public that he has taken charge of this old and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers and private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating **terms.**

His TABLE will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford.

The **Washington Hotel** has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the busines streets than any other in the city.

An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steamboat to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge.

By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals.

Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER, he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates.

JOHN F. JONES.
January 1st.–1y.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Orations, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON,
107tf Baltimore, Md.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE TREATY WITH MEXICO.—The following are the concessions said to have been obtained by the reported treaty with Mexico.

1. Rights of way across the northern States of Mexico, and ports on the Gulf of California, with guarantees for their protection and safety.

2. Rights of way and valuable privileges of transit across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

3. The privilege of erecting and maintaining warehouses at the termini of the several transit routes.

4 The right of transporting troops and munitions of war over such routes, and to send troops to protect them in default of Mexico not fulfilling that duty.

5. Free entry and transit of goods belonging to American citizens in Arizona, through the ports of the Gulf of California, and across Sonora.

6. Entire and unquestionable freedom of religious opinions and worship throughout the Republic.

7. A clause indicating the willingness of the Mexican Government to accept a modified protectorate, at the hands of the United States; in other words, to solemnize another treaty in the form of alliance, offensive and defensive, but in substance creating a protectorate whenever the United States shall signify its willingness to enter into such engagements.

THE ISLAND OF SAN JUAN.—The New York Express, in referring to this island, lately seized by Gen. Harney, remarks:

For some time past it is said to have been occupied by British subjects as a sheep pasture, for which it is said to be admirably adapted. It is some seventy thousand acres in extent, and covered, for the most part, with fine grass. The disputed ownership has its origin in the vague wording of the Oregon treaty, which provides that the dividing line separating the territories of the two countries shall "run westward with the 49th parallel to the middle of the Gulf of Georgia; thence southward, with the *main channel*, to the Straits of Fuca, and through the middle of those straits to the ocean." It now turns out, however, that there are *two* "main channels," the Rosario Straits and the Canal de Haro, and though the former is the one chiefly used by vessels going to Frazer river, the latter is the wider. Between them lie a number of islands, the chief of which is San Juan. The British claim that the Rosario Strait is the "main channel" referred to by the treaty, and if this be conceded it will give them possession of the intermediate islands. But the American commissioners contend that, as the Canal de Haro is the widest, so it is necessarily the "main channel," and by this rendering of the treaty the islands in dispute become American territory. This is the case as it stands.

COSTA RICA.

The *North Star*, from Aspinwall, has arrived.

A revolution had broken out in Costa Rica. President Mora, and Gen. Mora and Gen. Camoa had been banished. The former has arrived in New York. Dr. Montenegre had been chosen Provisional President.

The revolution was bloodless. Mora was seized by the soldiers of the garrison, in his dwelling, without any premonition, and hurried on board the steamer Guatemala, at Punta Arenas, and the "revolution" was over before the people were aware of its existence. He was compelled to write to the Commanders of troops at other places, counselling non-resistance; but the Commander-in-Chief of the army declared that he would attempt to restore Mora. Nicaragua has promised to assist him, and it was thought Guatemala would do so likewise.

Sir Gore Ousley had offered Mora the protection of the English flag.

JAPAN.

The news from Japan is to the 5th of June. The Emperor had ordered that the cities of Jeddo, Nagasiki, Simoda and Hakodadi should be united by telegraph, and a line was being built from Jeddo to his summer residence. All the vessels in the imperial fleet were to be turned into steam propellers, and one of them, the Niphon, had already left on a voyage of discovery, manned by a native crew and native engineers. An American having discovered a copper mine, was permitted to work it on promising to divide the proceeds with the government.

AGRICULTURAL ADDRESS.—The Charlotte *Democrat* says that Hon. D. M. Barringer, of Raleigh has accepted an invitation to deliver the Address before the Mecklenburg Agricultural Society, on the 27th of October. We doubt not the people of Mecklenburg will have an excellent Address.

P. T.-Barnum has made a beautiful artificial lake in East Bridgeport, Conn., a mile long and one-eighth of a mile in width, upon the banks of which he intends to build a new Iranistan.

GIFTS RARE AND BEAUTIFUL GIVEN INDISCRIMINATELY without Money to all persons ordering Books from CLARK'S Publishing House and great Gift Book establishment, No. 806 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia. This establishment is conducted on a scale of unsurpassed Magnificence and Liberality, as thousands can testify, and universally acknowledged to be the most liberal and punctual GIFT Enterprise in the United States.

My New and Classified Catalogue of Books, a pamphlet of 48 large pages, contains a full list of Histories, Biographies, Travels, Adventures, Stories, Anecdotes, Tales, Narratives, Romances, Sports and Pastimes. Also, Religious, Theological, Classical, Philosophical, Botanical and Agricultural Works, Dictionaries, Lexicons, Albums, Annuals and Presentation Books, Bibles, Hymn and Prayer Books, in every style of Binding, together with all the Newest Works of the day, all of which are handsomely bound and guaranteed perfect in every respect.

The schedule of Gifts I present, (as will be seen by reference to my Catalogue,) is the most extensive as it is also the most superior, elegant and magnificent ever offered by any similar establishment in the Union—one of which gifts will accompany each book at the time of sale.

☞ A Fine Gold Watch accompanies every order of 100 Books ordered at one time from my Catalogue.

I am now publishing a series of Family Bibles, unsurpassed in style and cheapness, and expressly adapted for the trade. Orders respectfully solicited.

TESTIMONIALS.

As an evidence of the truth of what has been asserted, I append the names of a few gentlemen of high standing, whose veracity cannot be questioned, who have purchased or ordered books from me, and received Gold Watches, namely: WM. ZIMMERMAN, Esq., Middletown, Pa.; JOHN D. SKILES, Wholesale Grocer, Lancester, Pa: Hon. G. G. WALKER Representative from Sommerset Co., in the Pennsylvania Legislature; Walter G. EVANS, Notary Public, Lancaster city, Pa.; JACOB MARTIN, Esq., Rochester, N. Y.; HIRAM FISK, Esq., Cleveland, Ohio: Mr. GEO. LENHART, Harrisburg, Pa.: Mr. J. L. FEARS Bear Creek, Henry Co., Georgia; Mr. THOS. SMEAD, Bedford, Pa., and JULIA CROSBY, 927, Lawrence Street, Philadelphia, who received a splendid Silk Dress Pattern, worth $15. D. W. CLARK.

No. 806 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED in every Town and Village in the United States. My terms to Agents are such as to afford them a liberal remuneration for their trouble. Full particulars may be had by addressing me as above.—☞ Catalogues and show bills sent free to any address.

☞ *Orders left at Albright's Hotel, will be sent without risk to purchaser*

GREENSBORO' FEMALE COLLEGE—GREENSBORO', NORTH CAROLINA.

FACULTY.

Rev. T. M. Jones, A. M., President, and Professor of Natural Sciences and Belles-Lettres.

S. Lander, A. M., Treasurer, and Professor of Latin and Mathematics.

Theo. F. Wolle, Professor of Music.

W. C. A. Frerichs, Professor of Drawing, Painting, and French.

Miss Bettie Carter, Miss Lizzie Mayhew, Miss E. E. Morphis, } Assistants in Literary Department

Miss A. M. Hagen, Miss M. A. Howlett, Miss Fannie Ogburn, Miss Pattie Cole. } Assistants in Music.

Miss L. C. Van Vleck, Teacher of Guitar.

Miss Josephine M. Flint, Teacher of Vocal Music.

Rev. J. Bethel, Mrs. J. Bethel, Miss —— ——, } Boarding Department.

Terms per Session of Twenty-one Weeks

Board, including furnished rooms, servants' attendance, washing, fuel, &c., (lights extra) $50; Tuition, $20; Incidental Tax, $1: French, $10; Latin or Greek, $5; Oil Painting, $20; other styles in proportion; Music on Piano, $22,50; Music on Guitar, $21; Graduation Fee $5. The regular fees are to be paid one half in advance.

The Collegiate year begins on the last Thursday in July, and ends on the second Thursday in June.

The winter uniform is Mazarine blue merino, and straw bonnets trimmed with blue; summer, plain white jaconet. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, or elsewhere, under any circumstances whatever.

For further information apply to the President. (11—1y)

FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL, High Point, N. C. Railroad, 15 miles West of Greensborough.

Rev. N. McR. RAY, *Principal*, with efficient assistants.

The next Session of this Institution will begin the 1st, Monday in August. Its patronage and prospects are such as to render it probable that we shall not be able to accommodate all applicants with board in the Institution.—Those who desire therefore to board in the Institution would do well to apply soon. Arrangements have been made to accommodate any number in private families. The undersigned and his family dwell in the Institution. Instruction is given in all the branches taught in the best Female Institutions. We have apparatus, new Pianos &c. The expenses are less than at any other Institution of the same character in the State. Board alone and the English Branches $40 to $55 per session Latin and Greek each $7,50. French $5. Ornamentals very low. *Board and half the tuition required in advance.*

☞ *30 Young Ladies will be received and credited for tuition until they can teach and pay for it.* ☜

Wanted Situations for *Southern Female Teachers*. For full information address,

REV. W. I. LANGDON, *Proprietor*.

June 27th 1859.

GREENLEAF FEMALE INSTITUTE, ON Brooklyn Heights, 106 Pierrepont St. Corner of Clinton.

ALFRED GREENLEAF, A. M. } Principals.
EDWARD E. BRADBURY, A. M., }

This first class Institution will reopen Sept. 12th with rare facilities for the thorough and accomplished education of young ladies.

For circulars, etc., apply personally or by letter as above.

Brooklyn, New York. (Se 3—3mp)

SANCHEZ SPECIFIC.

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THAT GREAT REMEDY,
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THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY,
SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
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THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
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BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
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FOR SPECIAL DISEASES,
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SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
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WITH LESS TROUBLE,
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THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY.
TEST ONE PACKAGE.
TEST ONE PACKAGE.
TEST ONE PACKAGE.
TEST ONE PACKAGE.
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Every Druggist and Country Merchant should keep a supply of this valuable Remedy, not only from the profits that accrue from its sales, but as an act of philanthropy towards suffering humanity. It will be made to the especial and pecuniary interest of all Druggists to purchase by W. W. BLISS & CO., PROPRIETORS, 363 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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10,000 Negroes
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Planters Take Notice,
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Jacob's Cordial
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Jacob's Cordial
Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy
Before The People
Before The People
Before The People
In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,
And Flux.
And Flux.
And Flux.
It Never Fails.
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Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
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Has the Largest Sale
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Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
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Of any Medicine in the World.
100,000 Packages
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Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina
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In Fourteen Months.
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It is Warranted to Cure
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It Produces Rotundity of Form
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In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
Every Invalid Should
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Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Try One Package.
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Try One Package.

Send a Postage Stamp to the Proprietors for their Pamphlet on "Diseases of Stomach and Bowels."

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DR. BAAKEE

TREATS ALL DISEASES.

DR. BAAKEE, will give special attention to the following diseases:—Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Croup, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis and all other diseases of the Nose, Mouth, Throat and Lungs. Attention given to the treatment of all skin diseases—Lumbago, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Dispepsia, Piles and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels; and also, all Chronic diseases pertaining to women and children. Dr. Baakee can produce one thousand certificates of his perfect success in curing, Cancer, Old Sores or Ulcers, Fistula, Swellings, Scald Head, Wens or Tumors of every description, and without the use of the knife. These last named diseases cannot be treated by Correspondence, therefore, the patients must place themselves under the doctor's personal supervision.

DR. BAAKEE has made a new discovery of a Fluid that will produce perfect absorption of the cataract, and restore perfect vision to the Eye, without the use of the knife or needle; and he cures all diseases of the EYES AND EARS, without the use of the Knife; and he has constantly on hand an excellent assortment of beautiful ARTIFICIAL EYES, and TYMPANUMS or (ear drums,) suitable for either sex and all ages—inserted in five minutes.

DOCTOR BAAKEE is one of the most celebrated and skillful Physician and Surgeon now living; his fame is known personally in every principal city of the World. All letters containing ten cents directed to DOCTOR BAAKEE asking any question pertaining to any disease shall be promptly answered, and all Chronic diseases can be treated by Correspondence except those mentioned that will require his personal supervision.

☞ Office Hours, from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.
DR. BAAKEE.

Office, No. 74 Lexington street, between Charles and Liberty streets, Baltimore, Md.
1-1y.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.

A Benevolent Institution established by special Endowment, for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic Diseases.

In times of Epidemics, it is the object of this Institution to establish Hospitals, to provide Nurses, Physicians, Clothing, Food, Medicines, &c., for the sick and destitute, to take charge of the orphans of deceased parents, and to minister, in every possible way, to the relief of the afflicted and the health of the public at large. It is the duty of the Directors, at such times, to visit personally the infected districts, and to provide and execute means of relief. Numerous physicians, not acting members of the Association, usually enrol their names on its books, subject to be called upon to attend its hospitals, free of charge.

In the absence of Epidemics, the Directors have authorized the Consulting Surgeon to give *Medical Advice Gratis* to all persons suffering under Chronic Diseases of a Virulent character, arising from abuse of the physical powers, mal-treatment, the effect of drugs, &c., when they apply by letter or otherwise, and, in cases of extreme poverty, to Furnish Medicines free of Charge. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

The Directors of the Association, in their late Annual Report express the highest satisfaction with the success which has attended the labors of their Surgeons in the cure of the worst forms of Chronic Diseases, and order a continuance of the same plan for the ensuing year. They feel confident that their efforts have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause.

Various Reports and Tracts on the nature and treatment of Chronic Diseases, by the Consulting Surgeon, have been published for gratuitous distribution, and will be sent *Free of Charge* to the afflicted.

Address, for Report or treatment, DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2. South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

By order of the Directors.

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, *Pres.*
GEO. FAIRCHILD, *Sec.*
June 11—1y.

GREENSBORO' HIGH SCHOOL

The next Session will commence Monday, the 1st of August. Boys in this School will be prepared for entering any class in College; and special attention will be given to such as wish only a good practical English Education.

Tuition per session of Twenty weeks $20, One dollar for Contingences is required of each Student in advance

JOHN. E. WHARTON, *Principal*.
June 20, 1859. 178tf.

1500,000 lbs. Rags! Rags!!

WANTED BY THE FOREST MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

One Million Five Hundred Thousand Pounds good Cotton and Linen RAGS.

For particulars address,

Dr. W. S. MILLER, Supt.,
Forestville, Wake county, N. C.
March, 1859. 12:6m.

HOLTON'S OINTMENT,

An Infallible Remedy, for Bone Fellons,

For the cure of burns, biles, sprains and bruises and for old and running sores of all sorts, either on man or beast. For sale at the Drug Store of

W. C. PORTER.

WAR! WAR!! WAR!!!

10.000 lbs. Beeswax wanted in exchange for Stoves, Tin-ware, or Cash, call and get the highest prices.

C. G. YATES,
West-Market, St., Greensboro, N. C.
July 8th, 1859. 28-3m.

WE have just printed, on a very good article of Foolscap, a general assortment of BLANKS—consisting (in part) of

Blank Warrants,	Ca Sa Bonds,	Affidavits,
Writs,	Executions,	Land Deeds,
Deeds of Trust,	Witness Tickets,	Juror Tickets,
Land Entries,	Subpœnas,	Ca Sas,
Com. for Depositions,	Writs to sell Land,	&c., &c.

Or will print, on the shortest notice, any kind we may not have on hand if ordered. They can be sent by mail if desired.

☞ For Jobs or Blanks, address or call on

COLE & ALBRIGHT.

Children's Department.

EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER.

"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

My Dear Children, I hope you all have happy homes—that there is no unkind father to any of *my children*, and I mean by my children, all the little folks that read the Times. I love them every one, and it does my heart good to meet with them all over the country as I travel from place to place to see them and to talk to them. But, dear children, you should remember, that there are many homes not happy; where the father is not kind to his children. Now I know none of my good little boys and girls ever laugh at or ridicule these unhappy children, just because their father is not kind. No, no, a good boy and girl would not do this. They would feel sorry for them and try in every way to make them happy.

I have a little story to tell you about a home once unhappy and how it was changed, which I hope you will read, and I know you will bless little Alice Grey. The story is called

THE INEBRIATE'S DAUGHTER.

It was a black, dreary evening in March. The wind whistled mournfully, and a shower of mingled rain and sleet was falling upon the now almost deserted streets of the city of M———. In a large and scantily furnished apartment, beside a cheerless fire, sat Mrs. Grey, busily plying her needle. A lamp burned dimly upon a small table near her, and opposite her sat a young girl bending over her work and apparantly lost in thought.

"This is a windy night," said Mrs. Grey, breaking the deep silence which pervaded the apartment, and drawing her shawl still closer around her shoulders; "our fire is getting low, Alice, and it grows cold here very fast."

Alice laid aside her needle-work and stirred open the half-dying embers. The last fuel which they possessed was in the grate, and as the fire blazed with a sickly glare, she sighed and drew a long chair on which her little brother Willie sat, still closer to her, and rested his curly head upon her lap.

"Will father come to night?" asked Willie looking up inquiringly into her face.

Alice did not reply, but Willie saw that her eyes were filled with tears as she resumed her work, and he said no more.

"If father would only sign the Temperance Pledge!" said Willie, raising his dark eyes to Mrs. Grey's face, "*that* would make you happy, wouldn't it mother?"

"Yes, Willie, that would make us all happy," she replied with a sigh.

At this instant a heavy step was heard in the adjoining passage.

"He is coming!" whispered Willie, as he instinctively crept closer to his mother and sister.

The door opened, and a man past the middle age entered. He took in silence the chair which Alice offered him, and cast his eyes around the apartment.

"What! no fire!" he said at length, "get some more wood, Alice."

"There is no more, father," replied Alice, as she placed his scanty supper upon the table and arranged it with care.

"There that will do," said Mr. Grey, as he drew his chair toward the table, "now get your cloak, Alice, you must go over to Mr. Osborne's to night."

"Not to night, William?" said Mrs. Grey, mildly.

"Yes to night, she can go now as well as at any time, and this letter must be sent to night."

Mrs. Grey knew it would be of no use to say more, and Alice, taking the letter from her father's hand, tied on her cloak and hood to depart.

"Wrap your cloak closely around you, Alice," said Mrs. Grey, as she held the lamp for her daughter to descend the ruinous flight of stairs that led from their humble abode into the open court below.

"We are indeed wretched," thought she, as she reached Mr. Osborne's door and paused to take breath. A bright light was shining through the half closed blinds and Alice heard the sound of happy voices as she gently tapped at the door. It was opened by Mr. Osborne, who uttered an exclamation of surprise at seeing Alice there.

"Come in my child," he said kindly "this is a bitter storm and you look wet and cold."

Alice followed him into the parlor where the family were assembled, and Mrs. Osborne placed a chair for her beside the bright fire.

"No, take my seat," cried little Ellen, springing from her chair, "mine is the warmest corner, and you can dry your feet best here."

Alice smiled as she accepted the proffered seat, but her eyes instantly filled with tears, as she heard Ellen innocently whisper to her sister Julia, "Look at her shoes, Julia; they are full of holes; her father is a drunkard, isn't he?"

A reproving look from Julia hushed the little prattler, who, perceiving that Alice had heard her words, ran to her, and threw her arms around her neck, exclaiming: "You must not look so sorry; I did not mean any harm, indeed I did not."

"You have not done any harm," said Alice, resuming her usual placidity, and drawing her father's letter from her bosom.

Mr. Osborne took it, and cast his eyes over the contents. Alice, who was eagerly watching his countenance, perceived a smile of pleasure pass over it, as he read, and he unconsciously murmured, "It cannot be that he is sincere in all this, it would be a very happy thing if he were."

"What can it be?" thought Alice, as he folded the letter and placed it in his pocket.

"Tell your father, Alice, that I will call upon him early to-morrow morning, and will assist him all that it is in my power; and if he is really sincere, as I should judge from the letter, there are bright days in store for you all."

A thrill of joy shot through the heart of the inebriate's daughter, and she unconsciously murmured a prayer that it might be so.

The clock struck nine as she ascended the stairs, and opened the door of her father's humble abode. Her mother was still engaged with her needle work, and her father sat leaning his head upon the table. He arose as she entered, saying. "Well, Alice, what did Mr. Osborne say?"

Alice related what had passed, to which Mr. Grey listened in silence, and again resting his head upon the table, seemed unconscious of what was passing around. The next morning, when Alice arose, she was surprised to find a bright fire which her father had kindled, with some wood which he had procured. He soon entered, and Alice observed that there was a marked difference in his appearance from what she had been accustomed to see.

"You work too hard, Mary" said he, turning to his wife, "you are killing yourself by such untiring labor; cheer up, our prospects are brighter than they have been for years."

A gleam of hope filled Mrs. Grey's heart. His voice was kinder than it had been for a long time, and she raised her eyes with a smile of joy, as she said.—"How so William?"

"I am a WASHINGTONIAN!" replied Mr. Grey, "I have this morning signed the PLEDGE, and I pray that I may never break it."

Mrs Grey uttered an exclamation of joy while Alice could scarcely express her happiness. Willie clapped his hands, exclaiming, "Have you father, have you signed the pledge? and I can sit upon your knee, now, father, and you won't be cross again!"

Mr. Grey returned his little son's caresses and Willie seemed perfectly happy, now that his father was indeed a Washingtonian. "We shan't be cold and hungry any more, mother," said he "and you and Alice won't have to sit up all night now, to work for anybody."

"I should never have signed, had it not been for the faithful efforts of a few members of the Temperance Society," said Mr. Grey, "long have they been endeavoring to persuade me to abandan my wretched course, but so strongly was I bound by the chains of Intemperance, that it cost many a struggle to be free. Last night, when I saw the wretchedness which I had brought upon my family, and saw you toiling by the light of a dim lamp, I resolved to abandon my wicked course: lest I should yield to temptation and break my resolution, I sent Alice with a letter to Mr. Osborne last night; I would not go myself—shame prevented me; he came to see me this morning, and now my name is upon the Temperance Pledge, and I hope, Mary, with the blessing of God, to be an altered man."

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.—Under this head the Cincinnati Commercial says: A day or two since a workman, descending a well which had been excavated on Barr street, was overpowered by the noxious gas, and became insensible. A light was let down, and as immediately extinguished from the same cause, when one of his comrades proposed to descend to his assistance, but was prevented by the foreman, who wisely remarked that one man could be rescued more easily than a couple. As speedily as possible, he procured a quantity of unslacked lime, which he cast into the pit, and then dashed down a pail of water. The good effect was evident in a brief space of time, for a pull at the rope was felt, and the man was drawn to the surface, having fortunately escaped any ill consequence from the remedy which had been used to dispel the carbonic acid gas.

Think, and act with discretion.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

HANDLING HORSES WHILE BEING SHOD.—W. V. Pierce, Veterinary Surgeon, Ravenna, Ohio, writes thus to the *Ohio Cultivator*: Many horses, both young and old, are much spoiled by shoers. Horses sometimes stand quiet and easy, at other times they refuse to stand still while one foot is up—they struggle until it is released, and frequently the shoer beats, speaks sharply, swears, and frightens the horse, so that he must be held by force or abandoned. Another takes the tools and sets his shoes without any trouble. Now for a few of the reasons:

Under certain circumstances the muscles cramp, causing severe pain. Almost at any time a horse's hind leg may be raised so high, or in such a position, as to cause severe cramping, not to be endured. When a horse has had all the muscles relaxed by exercise, and stands and cools quick, an unusual position will most certainly produce cramping, and at the same time makes him irritable. A horse that has stood for some time in the cold, uneasy, and suffering with anxiety to get home, is in a bad condition to stand the bangs, and often painful position of shoeing, and too often fretted to that degree that he never gets over it—too often forced to stand and endure the pain of severe cramping, pricking etc., until he will never forget it, and often refuse to enter the shop again.

Some horse-shoers have a habit of raising the foot and leg so high that no common horse can stand it, and thus he will shoe horses half his lifetime before he knows that the fault is in himself. The awkwardness and ill temper of some shoers is sufficient reason to withdraw your patronage, although they may do their work well. The damage done by forcing the horse to stand in pain, and the injury to his disposition, is infinitely more injury than to go ten miles and spend a day and pay double price to one who has some sympatny, and shoes him without pain. One who exercises some reason and judgement, and patience, and seems to sympathize with the suffering animal, has little or no trouble, and does no damage.

I once knew a horse that, if he was minus a shoe, would go by himself to a particular smithy, and there stand until the shoe was set. I once owned a horse that was shod three or four years without any trouble—at last he was sent to a shop to be shod, the shoer being a little intoxicated, frightened him, beat and abused him in such a manner, that he ever after feared to approach a blacksmith shop, and if forced to enter one, would tremble with fear, I think I shall be justified in saying that one-half of the horse-shoers are incompetent to the task, saying nothing about their workmanship of setting shoes. I have no doubt but some fancy shoers are the cause of splints, bogs, and curbs, as well as kicking, cringing, pulling at the halter, etc.

Reader, if you are the owner of a good horse, go yourself and see him shod, unless you are well acquainted with the shoer, and know him to be careful, patient, mild-tempered, and humane. Withdraw your patronage from all reverse characters, before you sustain a loss. Never submit to or employ a shoer whose character or intellect is inferior to that of your horse. If you do, you may have him lamed, abused and spoiled.

TOMATO CATSUP.—The Columbus (Ga.) *Sun* gives the following as the best receipt for making tomato catsup: To a half bushel of skined tomatoes add one quart of good Vinegar, a half pound of salt, quarter of a pound of black pepper, two ounces of cayenne, quarter of a pound allspice one ounce of cloves, three boxes of mustard, twenty cloves of garlic, six good onions, two pounds of brown sugar and one handful of peech leaves. Boil this mass for three hours constantly stirring it to keep it from burning. When cool strain it through a fine seive or coarse cloth, and bottle it for future use. It will improve by age, and create and give zest to appetite almost under the ribs of death.

WORTH KNOWING.—A young lady in this city, says the Philadelphia *Morning Post*, while in the country, stepped on a rusty nail which ran through her shoe into her foot. The inflammation and pain were very great, and lockjaw was apprehended. A friend of the family recommended the application of a beet, taken from the garden, and pounded fine, to the wound, It was done, and the effect was beneficial. Soon the inflammation began to subside, and by keeping on the crushed beet, and changing it for a fresh one, as its virtue seems to become impaired, a speedy cure was effected. Simple and effectual remedies like this should be known to every one.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat: and both meeting make the best Fire. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

SOLUTION TO QUESTION IN LAST WEEK:—According to the question the cost of the land was $4 per acre, and the cost of the rails 4 per cent of the cost of the land, which would be 40 rails for each acre in the piece, that is, one acre enclosed for every 2 rods of the circumference, or 2 acres for every rod on one side; hence 160 (the number of square rods in an acre) ×2=320 rods, length of one side; and since there are 2 acres enclosed for each rod on one side, 320×2=640 acres in the piece. Answer, 640.

PROOF.—One mile square contains 640 acres, and 320 (rods=1 mile) ×4=1280 rods, distance around, and 20 (number of rails in a rod) ×1280=25,600 rails required. Now 640 acres at $4 amount to $2560.00, and 25,600 rails at $1 per 1000 amount to $102 40=4 per cent of $2560.

Messrs Editors:—I have two arithmetical questions, which I cannot solve satisfactory to myself: and being anxious to have a proper solution of them, I have concluded to send them to The Times.—If you please, publish them, and request some friend to give a correct solution:

QUESTION, 1.—A person being asked the time, said the time past noon is equal to ⅖ of the time past midnight; what was the hour?

QUESTION, 2.—A person dying, worth $5460, left a wife and two children, a son and daughter, absent in a foreign country. He directed that if his son returned, the mother should have one third of the estate, and the son the remainder; but if the daughter returned, she should have one third, and the mother the remainder. Now, it so happened they both returned; how must the estate be divided to fulfil the father's intention? A. E. H.

An exchange asks: "If a man marry a shrew, is he not shrewd?" We answer, not of necessity, any more than a widower who marries anew is nude.

Punch thinks Experience, like Time, "puts a man up to many a wrinkle."

A farmer being asked if he had done much farming before, replied. "No but last year I farmed considerably *behind!*

"Yours is a very hard case" said the fox to the oyster.

The present is a very artificial state of society as the monkey said when his master put breeches on him.

Why is an overwarked horse like an umbrella? Because he is used up.

"Mr. Jones, have you got a match?" "Yes sir, a match for the old boy. There she is mixing up dough." Jones pointed to his wife and then slid from the front door. The last we saw of Jones he was "kiteing" it down the road, hotly pursued by a red headed lady with a cistern pole. Poor Jones!

SHARP BOY.—There is a little three year old boy in Norwalk, Connecticut, who being taken into hand with a switch after having been forbidden to pick another pear from a dwarf tree, indignantly exclaimed: 'Mamma, I did not pick off the pear, you may come and see if I did.'—Sure enough he didn't. He simply stood there and ate it, and the core was still dangling from the stem! He has been set apart for the legal profession.

"I wish I could have seen your great feat," said a lady to a young gentleman who had a hazardous adventure in the Mammoth Cave. "There they are, madam," said he, pointing to his pedal extremities.

To resuscitate a drowned Englishman, place a piece of roast beef under his nose; an Irishman a gill of poteen; a Scotchman a halfpenny; a Welchman a few leeks; a Frenchman a pinch of snuff; a Spaniard some fresh blood; an old maid an offer of marriage; a Yankee, attempt to pick his pockets.

The sheriff of Reynolds county, Missouri, made the other day the following return on the back of a *capias* issued against Alexander Satterfield on an indictment for burglary:—"Alexander Satterfield, *found*; Alexander Satterfield, *taken*; Alexander Satterfield, escaped through the green corn *before I could lay my hands on him.*"

A little boy, upon whom his mother was inflicting a personal chastisement, said, "Give me two or three licks, mother, I I don't think I can behave well yet.

We trust that the ginseng said to abound in Minnesota is not another name for gin *sling*. The former is used in bitters, but Goliath found the *sling* more bitter still, and there was something in it *got into his head*. By the way was that "smooth pebble from the brook" any relation to the modern *brick in the hat?*

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